GYR READERS
BY GRADES

BOOK FOUR

GINN & COMPANY

Florence Hazlett's Book

Newark O.

THE CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY

ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK FOUR

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TO

Hon. J. L. Howard

PREFACE.

In presenting Book Four to the public, the author would call attention to a few of its distinguishing features which should commend it to modern educators.

The primary aim of this Reader is education by means of good literature. The mere teaching of the art of reading is of minor importance compared to the awakening of interest and the formation and education of the literary taste.

We have now reached the period when children begin to select their own reading, and it is of the utmost importance that they shall make the acquaintance of such authors as shall be helpful and stimulating.

A large share of the pupils in our public schools have no intelligent means for selecting books from the public libraries; the reading book should be the means of introducing such authors as have written wholesome books for children.

The study of the poets is continued in this Reader by means of biographical stories from the lives of Holmes and Bryant, and a standard poem from each of these two eminent American poets. The work in literature is broadened and enlarged by the introduction of choice selections from other authors, whose writings are of special interest to the young.

Great care has been taken in selecting this matter; only such authors as have written standard literature have been chosen. In order to impress their lives and writings upon the children, portraits

are given, and an introductory sketch has been written about each one.

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ELLEN M. CYR.

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THE CYR READERS

BOOK FOUR

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE.

mŭs′kĕt	dī′ă mŏnd	Brĭt′ĭsh
wŏn′dĕr	găr′rĕt	că rĕss′ĭng
chûrch	dān′gẽr	lī′lạcs
hŏl′lў hŏck	măr′ĭ gōld	sōl′dĭẽr

1. A blue-eyed boy, full of fun and play, was born in this house.

His father was a minister in a church near by.

If you could look from the west windows of this house, you might see the church with the old church-yard at one side.

2. The boy's name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and he was born on the 29th of August, 1809.

This house was old even then, and full of nooks and hiding-places. The garret was very large, and strange noises were sometimes heard there. They were made by the wind, which whistled around the corners; but they frightened the little boy.

3. Some of the rooms were locked, and little Oliver would peep through the keyholes, and wonder at the heaps of old chairs and tables which were piled there.

He thought they looked as if they had been frightened, and had run in there and climbed upon each other's backs to be out of danger. The windows had tiny panes, where one might read names, written upon the glass with a diamond.

4. The house had been used by soldiers during the war, and Oliver heard so many stories about them that it made him imagine a great

many things. On the floor of his father's study, he could see the dents left by the muskets of the soldiers, who had talked of their plans in this room. In one room there was a painting of a lady, who was Oliver's great-grandmother, and here and there were places in it where the British soldiers had cut it with their swords.

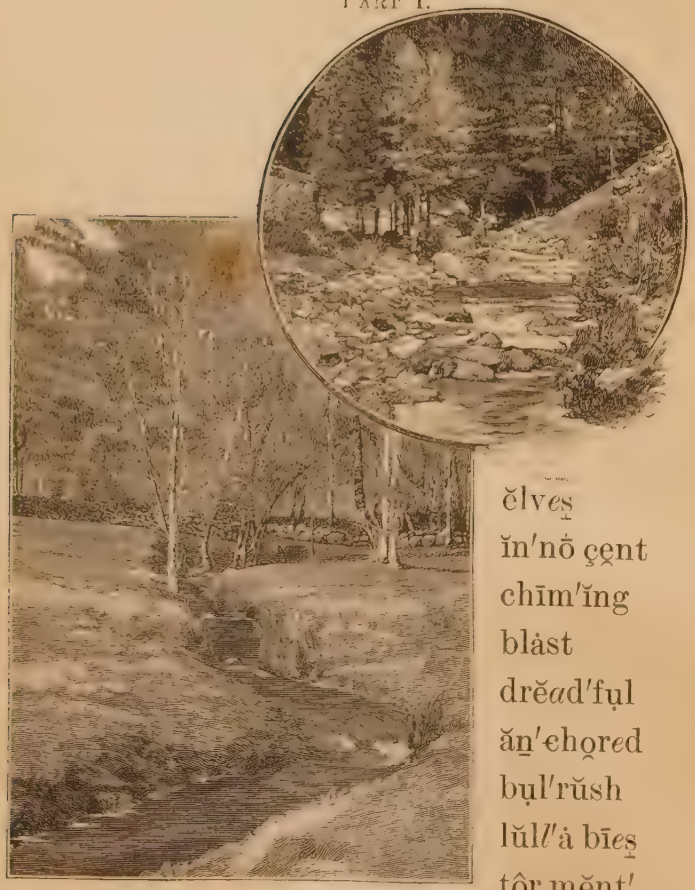
5. There were many trees about the house. On one side was a row of poplars, and on another grew some beautiful great elms.

Cambridge was then a country town, and Oliver had a little garden plat; but the soil was very sandy, and many of his flowers would not blossom. He used to feel sad when the buds died instead of opening into flowers.

6. There were some flowers which grew in spite of the sandy soil. Roses, lilacs, holly-hocks, marigolds and pinks made the garden bright with their blossoms and filled the air with their fragrance.

EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

PART I.



THE BROOK THAT RAN THROUGH FAIRYLAND.

ĕlves
ĭn′nō çent
chīm′ĭng
blȧst
drĕad′fụl
ăn′ehọred
bụl′rŭsh
lŭl′l′ȧ bīes
tôr mĕnt′
pĭn′ȧ fōre

vĭs′ĭ ble whĭsked môr′tạl măġ′ĭc mŭsh′rōōm

1. A little girl lay on the grass down by the brook, wondering what the noisy water said as it went babbling over the stones. As she listened she heard another kind of music that seemed to come nearer and nearer, till round the corner floated a beautiful boat filled with elves, who danced on the broad green leaves of the lily-of-the-valley, while the white bells of the tall stem that was the mast rung loud and sweet.

2. A flat rock, covered with moss, stood in the middle of the brook, and here the boat was anchored for the elves to rest a little. Eva watched them at their pretty play, as they flew about or lay fanning themselves and drinking from the red-brimmed cups on the rocks. Wild strawberries grew in the grass close by, and Eva threw some of the ripest to the fairy folk; for honey and dew seemed a poor sort of lunch to the child.

3. Then the elves saw her, and nodded and smiled and called, but their soft voices could not reach her. So, after whispering among themselves, two of them flew to the brookside, and,

perching on a buttercup, said close to Eva's ear, —

"We have come to thank you for your berries, and to ask if we can do anything for you, because this is our holiday and we can become visible to you."

"Oh, let me go to Fairyland! I have longed so to see and know all about you dear little people; and never would believe it is true that there are no fairies left," cried Eva, so glad to find that she was right.

4. "We should not dare to take some children, they would do so much harm; but you believe in us, you love all the sweet things in the world, and never hurt innocent creatures, or tread on flowers, or let ugly feelings come into your happy little heart. You shall go with us and see how we live."

5. But as the elves spoke, Eva looked very sad, and said, —

"How can I go? I am so big I should sink that pretty ship with one finger, and I have no wings."

The elves laughed and touched her with their soft hands, saying,—

"You cannot hurt us now. Look in the water and see what we have done."

6. Eva looked and saw a tiny child standing under a tall blue violet. It was herself, but so small she seemed an elf in a white pinafore and a little pink sun-bonnet. She clapped her hands and skipped for joy, and laughed at the sweet picture; but suddenly she grew sober again, as she looked from the shore to the rock.

"But now I am so wee I cannot step over, and you cannot lift me, I am sure."

"Give us each a hand and do not be afraid," said the elves, and whisked her across like dandelion down.

7. The elves were very glad to see her, and touched and peeped and asked questions as if they had never had a mortal child to play with before. Eva was so small she could dance with them now, and eat what they ate, and sing their pretty songs. She found that flower-honey and dewdrops were very nice, and that it was fine fun

to tilt on a blade of grass, to slide down a smooth bulrush-stem, or rock in the cup of a flower.

She learned new and merry games, found out what the brook said, saw a cowslip blossom, and was very happy till the captain of the ship blew a long sweet blast on a honeysuckle horn, and all the elves went aboard and set sail for home.

8. "Now I shall find the way to Fairyland, and can go again whenever I like," thought Eva, as she floated away.

But the sly little people did not mean that she should know, for only now and then can a child go to that lovely place. So they set the bells to chiming softly, and all sang lullabies till Eva fell fast asleep, and knew nothing of the journey till she woke in Fairyland.

9. It seemed to be sunset; for the sky was red, the flowers all dreaming behind their green curtains, the birds tucked up in their nests, and there was no sound but the whisper of the wind that softly sang, "Good-night, good-night."

10. "We all go early to bed unless the moon

shines. We are tired, so come and let us make you cozy till to-morrow," said the elves, showing her a dainty bed with white rose-leaves for sheets, a red rose-leaf for coverlet, and two plump little mushrooms for pillows. Cobweb curtains hung over it, a glow-worm was the candle, and a lily-of-the-valley cup made a nice nightcap, while a tiny gown of woven thistle-down lay ready to be put on.

11. Eva quickly undressed and slipped into the pretty bed, where she lay looking at the red light till sleep kissed her eyelids, and a lovely dream floated through her mind till morning came.

12. As soon as the sun peeped over the hills, the elves were up and away to the lake, where they all dipped and splashed and floated and frolicked till the air was full of sparkling drops, and the water white with foam. Then they wiped on soft cobweb towels, which they spread on the grass to dry, while they combed their pretty hair and put on fresh gowns made of the leaves of flowers. After that came breakfast, all sitting about in parties to eat fruit, and cakes of pollen, while their drink was fresh dew.

EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

PART II.

cŏb′wĕb	ĭn′vā lĭd	wo*u*nd′ĕd
chĭrp*e*d	glĭm′mĕr	chăr′ĭ tў
dā*i*n′tў	twĭn′klĭng	hăm′mŏck

mign on ĕt*te*′ (mĭn yŏn) dĕl′ĭ cāt*e*

1. "Now, Eva, you see that we are not idle, foolish creatures, but have many things to do and many lessons to learn," said the elves when they had all sung together; while the wind, who was the housemaid there, cleared the tables by blowing everything away at one breath. "First of all come to our hospital, for here we bring all the sick and hurt things that cruel or careless people have harmed.

2. "In your world children often torment and kill poor birds and worms and flies, and pick flowers to throw away, and chase butterflies till their poor wings are broken. All these we care for, and our magic makes them live again. Come and see."

3. Eva followed the elves to a cool, quiet place, where on soft beds lay many wounded things. Rose, the fairy nurse, was binding up the leg of a fly as he lay in a cobweb hammock and feebly buzzed his thanks. Eva thought the elves were good to do such work, and went on to a humming-bird which lay in a bed of honeysuckles, with the colors very dim on its little breast, and its bright wings very still.

4. "I was shot with an air-gun, and my poor head still aches with the dreadful blow," sighed the poor bird, trying to sip a little honey with its long beak.

"I 'm nearly well," chirped a cricket, whose stiff tail had been pulled off by a naughty child and nicely put on again by a very skillful elf.

5. He looked so cheerful and lively as he hopped about on his bed of dried grass, with his black eyes twinkling, that Eva laughed aloud; and at the pleasant sound, all the sick things smiled and seemed better.

6. Rows of pale flowers stood in one place, and elves watered them, or tied up broken leaves,

or let in the sunshine to cure their pains, — for these delicate invalids needed much care; and Mignonette was the name of the nurse who watched over them, like a little Sister of Charity, with her gray gown and sweet face.

"You have seen enough. Come to school now, and see where we are taught all that fairies must know," said Trip, the elf who was guiding her about.

7. In a pleasant place they found the child elves sitting on pink daisies with their books of leaves in their hands, while the teacher was Jack-in-the-pulpit, who asked questions, and was very wise. Eva nodded to the little ones, and they smiled at the stranger as they rustled their books and pretended to study busily.

8. A class was reciting and Eva listened to questions that none but elves would care to know.

"Twinkle, if there were fifteen seeds on a dandelion, and the wind blew ten away, how many would be left?"

"Five."

"Bud, if a rose opens three leaves one day, one the next, and seven the next, how many in all?"

"Eleven."

9. "Daisy, if a silk-worm spins one yard of fairy-cloth in an hour, how many can he spin in a day?"

"Twelve, if he isn't lazy," answered the little elf, fluttering her wings, as if anxious to be done.

"Now we will read 'The Flower's Lesson,'" said Jack, and a new class flew to the long leaf, where they stood in a row, with open books, ready to begin.

10. "Once there was a rose who had two little buds. One was happy and contented, but the other always wanted something.

"'I wish the elves would bring me a star instead of dew every night. The drop is soon gone, but a star would shine splendidly, and I should be finer than all the other flowers,' said the naughty bud one night.

11. "'But you need the dew to live, and the moon needs the stars up there to light the world,' answered the good bud.

"'I won't have the dew, and if I cannot get a star I will take a firefly to shine on my breast,' said the other, shaking off a fresh drop that had just fallen on her, and folding her leaves round the bright fly.

12. "'Foolish child!' cried the rose-mother; 'let the fly go before he harms you.'

"But the silly bud only held the firefly closer, till in its struggles it tore her leaves and flew away. When the hot sun came up, the poor bud hung all faded on her stem, longing for a cool drop to drink.

13. "'Now I must die. Oh, why was I vain and silly?' sobbed the poor bud, fainting in the heat.

"Then the mother leaned over her, and from her bosom, where she had hidden it, the dewdrop fell on the thirsty bud, and while she drank it eagerly the rose drew her closer, whispering, 'Little darling, learn to be contented with what heaven sends, and make yourself lovely by being good.'"

14. "I shall remember that story," said Eva,

when the elves shut their books and flew back to the daisy seats.

"Would you like to hear them sing?" asked Trip.

"Very much," said Eva, and in the little song they gave her she got another lesson to carry home.

THE SONG OF THE ELVES.

"I shine," says the sun,
"To give the world light."
"I glimmer," adds the moon,
"To beautify the night."
"I ripple," says the brook,
"I whisper," sighs the breeze,
"I patter," laughs the rain,
"We rustle," call the trees,
"We dance," nod the daisies,
"I twinkle," shines the star.
"We sing," chant the birds;
"How happy we all are!"
"I smile," cries the child,
Gentle, good, and gay,—
The sweetest thing of all,
The sunshine of each day.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

pûr sūit′	joûr′ney	sŭr round′ĕd
trăp′pēr	thrĕad	ăn′tĭcs
ăd drĕss′ĭng	fāil′ûre	tŏm′a hạwk
çĭr′cle	flĭnched	ĭn trụdeş′

1. One day a trapper, whom we will call Beaver Jim, was sitting upon the bank of one of the frozen rivers of the west. He had had a long journey on skates, and was now resting, while his skates lay on the ground near him.

Suddenly, without any warning, he was surrounded by a crowd of yelling Indians. His quick eye at once saw that they were on the war path, and that they belonged to a tribe that was strange to him.

2. He knew that his life hung upon a thread; many an arrow was fitted to the string and several tomahawks were raised near him. He never flinched or showed the least sign of fear, but, addressing them in a mixture of Indian tongues, he asked why they were upon his hunting-grounds.

3. One of the tribe understood him, and through him the chief said, "The Great Spirit gave these hunting-grounds to us, his children; and it is the pale-face who intrudes upon them."

To this Beaver Jim replied, "The Great Spirit takes care of all his children. The red-men and the pale-faces are brothers."

4. Just then one of the Indians noticed the skates, and asked what they were for. A ray of hope darted through Jim's mind as he answered, "The Great Spirit has shown the pale-face how to make wings, so that he may skim the ground as the bird flies through the air."

5. The Indian gave a grunt and expressed a wish to try them. So Beaver Jim fastened them on the Indian's feet, and started him. Instantly he fell his length on the ice. Nothing dismayed, he rose to his feet after several failures, only to fall as before. Again he rose, but no sooner was he on his feet than he fell.

6. All this amused the Indians, who were roused out of their usual state of calmness into laughter. Then they made Jim try them, to

show how they should be used. He played queer antics at first, pretending that he could not stand.

7. Then he begged his gun, which had been taken from him, to support him on the ice. Having obtained it he began making circles, which he ever widened, until with a shout and a yell he started off with the speed of an arrow.

8. The Indians were so much astonished, that, before a bow could be bent and a shaft sent in pursuit, Beaver Jim was out of reach of their arrows.

Many a night after, round the camp-fire, when the men had eaten their supper, did Beaver Jim tell the tale of how he outwitted the Indians and describe their blank looks as he darted away.

HOLMES'S SCHOOL DAYS.

wĭl'lō*w*	crō*a*k	făn'çĭe̱s
chīld'ĭsh	fū'tū*re*	tē*a*s*e*
mĭs'chĭef	frī*gh*t'e*n*ed	rĕ mĕm'bĕr

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was sent to school when he was a very little boy. The school was in Cambridgeport; and the little fellow had a long walk across the green fields and through the lanes, for there were very few houses standing there then.

2. His first teacher was a stout old lady whom the children called "Dame Prentiss." She used to have a long willow rod which reached across the room. If the children were idle or in mischief, she would touch them with this rod to remind them that it was time to study.

3. The boys in Cambridgeport used to make fun of Oliver and tease him. One day he went to school wearing a new hat with a wide brim. "Hullo you, Sir!" said a roguish boy, "Did you know there was going to be a race to-mor-

row?" "No, who's going to run? Where's it going to be?"

"Squire Mills and Dr. Williams 'round the brim of your hat." Then the boy made a face, and Oliver knew he was making fun of him.

4. The future poet was full of childish fancies. He would throw a stone at a tree to get the answer to a question. If he hit the tree, he would think the answer was "Yes." When he was walking he would try to step from one stone to another, or else walk upon the patches of grass.

5. There was a glove-maker whose store he used to pass on his way to school. This man had hung out a large wooden hand for a sign, and the wind made it swing and creak, which frightened the little boy.

"Oh, that dreadful hand!" he said, "always hanging there, ready to catch a little boy, who would never come home to supper, or see his mother again."

6. A wooden pail of drinking-water stood in the schoolroom, and the children had a brown mug from which they drank.

The pail was made of white pine, and it gave the water an odd taste. Oliver always remembered the taste of that water, and the mug with the piece broken from the rim.

7. The children thought that a red-cheeked, curly-haired boy named Edmund had bitten the piece out one day when he was in a hurry for a drink.

When Oliver grew a little older, he went to another school in Cambridgeport.

TOM COD AND MRS. LOBSTER.

cā′pẽr	lŏb′stẽr	īs′land
dē̤ fĕnd′	ăd văn′tāge	floun′dẽr ĭng
whĭrl′ĭng	sēized	ĭn′stant lў
dăshed	smĕll′ẽrs	ĕbbed

1. Around a rocky island, the deep tides ebbed and flowed, and the waves rolled and dashed. The waters were so deep that large fish could come up to the very rocks.

Far down at the foot of one of these rocks was young Tom Cod, swimming and playing. He was a strong, beautiful fish. He was young, and felt that he could do almost anything.

2. He would dart off like a flash of lightning, and then back again; sometimes whirling round, sometimes rolling over, and cutting all manner of capers. Once upon a time he found an old lobster, slowly creeping along among the rocks that lay on the bottom of the sea.

"Pray, Mrs. Lobster, what are you doing? How slowly you move! What! Can't you rush and dash and fly through the water as I do?"

3. "Why, Master Tom, that is not my nature. My food and home are down among the rocks. I feel safer here."

"Well, what a homely creature you are! Those two great claws — what do you do with them?"

4. "With the big, coarse one I crack the shell-fish, thus:" and she seized and instantly crushed a large oyster; "and with the sharp teeth of the other — why, if you will just put your tail in that claw, I will show you how nicely it will seize and hold a fish."

5. "What do you do with those long smellers? They are longer than your whole body."

"These are not smellers, Master Tom."

"What are they, then?"

"They are feelers. When I want to go to sleep, or when I want to eat, I just lay them over my back, and let them stick out behind me; and then, if any fish comes near to bite me, I feel him at once."

6. "And what do you do then?"

"I whirl round instantly and present my claws to him, and he swims off."

"Well, Mrs. Lobster, I would like to know how you grow. Does your shell stretch or grow larger? You don't seem larger than you did a year ago, when I was very small and very young."

7. "Nor am I any larger. But I do all my growing for the year in a few days. Once a year I throw off my shell, and then swell and grow, and then put on a new shell. It takes some days, but it is nice to come out once a year in a new house."

8. "And do you really go naked till the new shell grows and hardens?"

"I certainly do."

"Why don't the fish eat you up, when you are so soft and have no claws with which to defend yourself?"

9. "Ah, there's the advantage of having my home down among the rocks. When I am about to throw off my shell, I dig a hole just large enough to creep into, under some rock, and there I go and no fish can get at me. I lie there safely until I get a new shell. It is a nice home, and I am perfectly happy in it."

10. "Nonsense!" said Tom Cod; "I want room to play, and to pick up my food wherever I find it. There now, don't you see that naked clam? See how quickly I have him!"

11. Poor Tom! He grabbed the clam, and the hook in it caught him! He tried so hard to get away, but the hook was fast and the line was strong. The last Mrs. Lobster saw of him he was being drawn straight up to the top of the water; then she heard the poor fellow floundering in the boat.

12. "Oh!" said she, "those colors on poor Tom are beautiful, and doubtless it is a fine thing to be able to swim anywhere, and to dash up and down through the deep waters; but, after all, is not my humble home down among the rocks the safest? Has not the Great Master of the seas given me my full share of blessings, though I must live in the very depths of the seas, and creep over the sands and the rocks? I will be thankful, humble, and contented."

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

pĭl′grĭm	prō vĭs′i͡ŏn	trē*a*′tў
här′bor	fûr′nĭ tūr*e*	trŭmp′ĕt
Gŏv′ẽrn o͝r	Pĕr′ẽ grĭn*e*	Plў̆m′*o*ŭth

1. On a bitterly cold day in December of the year 1620, the ship "Mayflower" came sailing into Plymouth Harbor. The people on board had been one hundred days upon the sea, and had now reached their new home.

Let us suppose ourselves on board, and look with their eyes upon the scene before them.

2. No friends to welcome them. No place

where their ship may land. No house in which to spend even one night; and nineteen families, one hundred and one people, on board.

The men came to shore in small boats, began at once to cut down trees, and after hard work, made one large rude house where all might stay for a time.

3. Then each family made for itself a log hut, placing them in two rows, for safety, as the Indians might attack them and they wished to be together.

As soon as they could they carried their goods, which they had brought from their homes in England, on shore, and began housekeeping.

4. If you visit Plymouth now, you may see pieces of furniture, dishes, and many other things which have been saved all these years. A wee, tiny baby was born on board the ship. He was named Peregrine White. Peregrine means a wanderer or pilgrim. His cradle is still kept at Plymouth.

5. There were no stores where these people could buy provisions. No, the men must go and

catch fish, dig clams, or hunt, in order to get food for their families.

A hard life, was n't it? especially for the women and the little children. By the time April came to cheer them, with her promise of sunny, warm days, there were forty-two graves on the hillside.

6. The Indians watched their numbers so closely that the Pilgrims planted corn over these graves, so that they might not know how few of their men were left.

Before the year was over, the Governor whom they had chosen made a treaty of peace with the Indians.

Twenty Indians and their chiefs, in war paint and feathers, marched into one of the huts. Then the Governor and his men met them, marching to the music of drums and trumpets, and promises of peace were given.

7. Have you been wondering why these people left their homes in England and came to live in these forests? They wished to be free to worship God in the way they thought was right.

They would rather live in this wild country

than stay in their pleasant homes, and worship as the king of England told them.

They had no beautiful churches, but must travel through the forest to a rough log building.

The men carried their guns to protect themselves from wild animals or from sudden attacks of the Indians.

8. When the spring came, the "Mayflower" sailed back to England. How many of the Pilgrims went back with her? Not one. Were they not brave and true? They had come here to be free, and they would stay in spite of hardship.

They watched the ship as it left the harbor, now and then turning their faces to brush away the tears which they could not keep back.

9. The brave little arbutus sprang up under their feet upon those hillsides, and seemed to cheer them with its sweet fragrance. They called it the "mayflower"; and as they knelt to gather it from beneath its rough leaves, a whisper came to their hearts that these hard times would soon pass away and the sweet blossom of hope would spring into life.

PILGRIMS WATCHING THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

fāme	trŭmp′ĕt	cŏn̲′qu(k)ĕr o̲r
stẽrn	ĕx′īle	mo͞o̲red
hў̆mn̲s̲	hō*ar*′y̆	sē̇ rēne′lў̆
sô*ugh*t	wĕ*a*lth	shrīne

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that speaks of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band, —
Why had they come to wither there,
Far from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

GARDEN MEMORIES.

dĭsk	flŭt′tẽr	twĭt′tẽr
bŭnch	măr′ĭ gōld	ĭm ăg′ĭne
găth′ẽr	pō′s̲ў	căt′ẽr pĭl la̲r

1. When Oliver was quite small he used to ride with his father and mother, sitting between them, and sometimes driving the horse. One of their drives was over the bridge to the next town. There was an old brown house by the roadside, and in the yard was a garden of many bright flowers.

2. The man who lived there had a sister whose name was Sally. Oliver's father would stop in front of the house, and Sally would come out to talk to them, and gather some flowers for the little boy. She was very fond of the yellow marigolds, and would pick a bunch of them and say, "Here is a posy for the little boy."

3. After Oliver grew to be an old man, he always remembered that kind, soft voice; and whenever he smelled a marigold he could close his eyes and imagine the picture of the low brown

cottage with its garden, and the nodding golden marigolds.

4. I think he liked yellow flowers. In his own garden there was a row of tall sunflowers growing near an old pear tree. The yellowbirds seemed very fond of them, and Oliver loved to watch them flutter about, "golden, in the golden light, over the golden flowers."

5. When Oliver became a man he tried to make the garden look as it did when he was a boy. He said the squash bugs and caterpillars came back and were as friendly as ever. The same buff-colored bugs fed upon his roses; the butterflies came back, and also the bees and the birds.

6. He wondered if the yellowbirds would return; and he planted a row of sunflowers like the row which stood near the pear tree when he was a boy. As soon as the blossoms spread their yellow disks, and the seeds began to ripen, the yellowbirds appeared, twittering and fluttering about them as in his boyhood.

OCEAN PEARL.

sûr'fāçe	joûr'neў	moun'tăĭns
spär'klĭng	swĭft'lў	sŏme'tīmes
sprĕad'ĭng	thīrs'tў	wīd'ened
strŏn'gĕr	flōat'ĭng	brīght'lў

1. On the calm surface of the sea there lay, one morning, a tiny drop of water. She was looking up into the clear blue sky, and thinking how nice it would be to take a journey up into the air. She wanted to see the earth, the trees, and the flowers; and, small as she was, she wished to be of some use.

"Floating gaily, sparkling brightly
On a calm, still, summer sea,
Spoke a tiny drop of ocean,
'Oh, that I of use might be!'"

2. "Can I be of any use at all?" she said to herself; "I am tired of lying here so quiet and still and useless. I wish there were fairies in these days, for then one might hear my wish and carry me away from here and show me what to do."

"No sooner had she spoken
Than a sunbeam, bright and golden
As a fairy of times olden,
Came to grant her wish."

3. "I have heard your wish," the fairy said to the drop of water, whose name was Ocean Pearl, "and if you will come with me I will help you to do everything you want. My name is Sunbeam, and I am one of the great number of kind fairies who try to do all the good we can."

4. "Give me your hand," said Sunbeam, "for I am to carry you high up into the air, that you may see the world. Then you will go down to the earth, and I do not doubt but that you will soon find out for yourself what you ought to do."

5. Ocean Pearl at once put out her hand. Sunbeam caught it in his, and, spreading his wings, which were as bright and beautiful as a butterfly's, they quickly mounted high up into the air.

"Below, lay the earth pure and green,
Dotted over with village and town;
The faint gleam of the rivers was seen,
As they rolled from the steep mountains down."

6. "And now," said Sunbeam, "I can do no more for you; but by and by there will come a mighty giant, ever so much stronger than I am, and he will carry you away with him to the far-off mountain tops."

"And who is this giant?" said Ocean Pearl. "I wish you would not leave me, dear Sunbeam; I feel so happy and safe with you, and I do not like giants."

7. "But this is one of the good giants," said Sunbeam, "and he loves to work for the people on earth. His name is West Wind. Sometimes, indeed, he is very angry, and then even the largest ships are afraid of him. He makes such big, wild waves on the sea that often both ships and men are swallowed up in them."

"Oh, dear me! I am sure I shall not care for him," said timid Ocean Pearl.

"Ah! here he comes," said Sunbeam; "and now I must leave you."

8. Swiftly, but gently, Ocean Pearl found herself carried along as she rested on the great giant's breast; and so tenderly did he

bear her in his arms that she soon lost all fear of him.

"Swiftly, with smooth and silent wings,
The west wind steals along,
Bearing sweet rain to cheer all things
In his arms so soft and strong."

9. And now a high and bare mountain rises before them, and Ocean Pearl is afraid that she may be dashed to pieces. But West Wind lays her gently down among the sharp and rough rocks. Far away below, Ocean Pearl can see the green fields and the waving corn of a quiet valley.

"Ah! I see now what I ought to do," said Ocean Pearl to herself; "I must make my way down to that green valley, and with my little strength try to make it fresher and greener."

10. "I am so small, though, that I had better find some friends to join me." So, looking round, she saw some small, round drops like herself. They, too, seemed to want friends to help them along, so they soon got together. More and more drops joined them, and then they formed a very small stream running down between the rocks.

11. Soon more and more streams joined them, and at last they became a very strong band and went along very merrily. In the upper part of the valley the stream, now large, widened out into a small lake.

"Through moss and through brake
The stream runs and creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake."

12. And now Ocean Pearl thought herself lost quite as much as when she was in the sea. But soon she found herself carried out of the lake again, and moving gently down a smooth and wide river. She passed softly on,

"Through meadow and glade,
In sunshine and shade."

13. "Now," thought Ocean Pearl to herself, "now is my time to be of use. There is a pretty bluebell hanging its head as if thirsty. Can I not reach it?" The bluebell's head fell lower and lower. It touched the water; and, with a glad

cry, Ocean Pearl threw herself into the cup of the bell and was at rest.

14. She gave new life to the dying bluebell, and after she had done her duty there, she again joined the river. You may be sure she was always ready to do all the good she could.

At last so many, many more drops of water joined her that they formed a large river. On the river, ships were able to sail, and to carry goods for the use of the people in the large town which had grown up at the river's mouth.

HOLMES AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

Phĭl′lĭps	Ȧ căd′ē mў	bụl′lĕt
(f)		
Ăn′dō vẽr	gh̄ōst	pow′dẽr
ā′gẹnt	stā′tiọn	prō fĕs′sọr
	(sh)	

1. Oliver's father sent him to school at Phillips Academy, at Andover, when he was fifteen years of age. His father and mother drove to the school with him. They went up the long road, past the old powder-house, through country lanes, until they reached Andover.

They stopped at a white house, where one of the professors lived. When they drove away, Oliver watched the carriage until it was lost to sight.

2. How lonely it was for the poor boy! He was very homesick, and longed to be back in the old house with his father and mother.

There was an old lady living at the house of the professor. She was very deaf, but kind-hearted, and she felt sorry for Oliver. She gave him some medicine, thinking it would make him better, but it did not cure his homesickness.

3. Before many days he made friends with the other boys, and became interested in his lessons, and soon the homesickness passed away.

The old clock on the Academy seemed to strike very slowly. His room-mate said that Oliver ran away one day when the clock began to strike eleven, but they caught him before the last stroke.

4. The boys used to walk to Indian Ridge, and they often went swimming in the river near by. They had many good times together, and Oliver made some pleasant friends. He once went to visit one of the boys who lived at Haverhill, and while there he saw an old house with a bullet hole in it. The bullet which made the hole had been fired by the Indians, in 1703, at a minister by the name of Benjamin Rolfe.

5. There was an old elm tree in Andover which, it was said, had had hoops of iron put around it to prevent the Indians from cutting into it with their tomahawks.

There were no hoops to be seen, and it was said that the bark of the tree had grown over them and buried them.

6. A great many years afterwards, Doctor Holmes went back to Andover for a day, and visited the places in which he and his schoolmates had had so many good times in the years of long ago. He said it seemed as if the little boy of that far-distant time went about with him all day.

When he went to the station to take the train, he asked the agent for two tickets. But the little figure, which seemed to be at his side, whispered, "When you leave this place, you leave me behind you," so he bought but one ticket, and said, "Good-bye, little ghost."

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

tĕxt	çĕr'ta*i*n	ca*u*se
är'tĭ cles	chāi(s)e	dē*a*'con
rē*a*'son	pär'son	ē*a*rth'quāke

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a boy who thought. He often wondered why certain things came to pass, and tried to find some reason for what he saw. He noticed how articles wore out, one part giving way at a time. Sometimes things would break down instead of wearing out. He could understand why it was so with some things; but oftentimes with other things there seemed to him to be no cause for it.

2. One day he said to his brother John, "If you should make something, and have each part of it just as good as every other part, it would all go to pieces at once, would n't it?" After many years had gone by and he had grown to be a man, he put this idea into a poem.

3. This poem was about a Deacon who was going to have a chaise. A chaise is a two-wheeled

carriage with a covered top. Some people used to call it a "shay." The Deacon decided to make every part of his chaise so strong that it could never break down. He found the strongest oak wood to make the floor and spokes and sills. He sent for lancewood to make the thills, and got the best wood for every part. The finest of steel made the springs, and the strongest buffalo hide was used to cover the top, boot, and dasher.

4. When it was finished each part was as strong as could be made, and the Deacon looked with pride upon his work.

The chaise was a wonder. The Deacon and his wife used it all their lives; so did their children and their grand-children.

5. At last it had been used for a hundred years. It then belonged to a parson, and it began to show that it was old; but one part was still as good as another, and it showed no sign of breaking down.

One morning the parson was driving in the chaise and thinking about the text for his next Sunday's sermon, when all of a sudden there was

— "First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock."

6. Where was the poor, old chaise? It had gone entirely to pieces. Every part was worn out at the same time, for each part was as strong as the other. When the parson got up and looked around, he found the pieces of the old chaise all in a heap, —

"As if it had been to the mill and ground!"

THE DEACON RIDING IN HIS WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

[ABRIDGED.]

lŏg′ĭc a̲l	pêr plĕx*ed*′	to͞ugh
trā′çĕs̲	wē*a*k′ĕst	ĭn quīr*e*′

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,

I 'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out.*

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "Naow she 'll
dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
First of November, — the Earthquake day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay:

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SWEET-PEA STORY.

Told by Kittie Gray.

à grēe′ȧble à dôrn′d′ dĭs pō ṣĭ′tiọn (sh)

ŏp prĕss′ĕṣ ăc cŭs′tòm

cŏm plāin′ĭng

1. "One pleasant morning last May, as I was sunning myself on the top of the fence, little Amy came singing across the yard. She stooped down near me, and began making holes in the earth. I climbed upon her shoulder and peeped over to see what would happen; and I saw that she dropped into every hole a small, round seed. She then

smoothed the earth over the seeds, and ran singing into the house.

2. "Towards noon I stretched myself upon the cool ground near by, exactly on the track of the field mice. I laid my ear close to the earth, and listened to the low, murmuring sound which seemed to come from below. It was the small, round seeds complaining. 'Oh, how hard it is to stay in the dark! Here it is cold and damp. No air, no sunshine. O how sad!'

"Then I whispered down to them, — for the flower language is very easy to me, — I whispered down to them, 'Wait. Something beautiful will come of it. I have seen many small, round seeds hidden away in the earth, and always something beautiful came of it.'

3. "After that there were cold rains and chilling winds, and I said to myself, 'Poor little seeds! How long they have to wait! I fear they may die of cold.' But one bright morning, when the fields were green and the trees were in bloom, and there was sunshine enough for all the world, I happened to look down from my post, and saw a fine sight.

"Just where the seeds had been hidden away something beautiful had come of it, — a row of pretty green sprouts! And as I watched them day by day, I saw that they very soon put on garments of lovely green, and adorned themselves with rings.

4. "Now this is the way I found out their names. One day Amy came singing into the yard, — it is so pleasant when children come singing, — she came singing into the yard, and she said, 'Now I must string my sweet peas.' And then I knew they were sweet peas.

"She took a ball of white cord from her pocket, and began at the end of the row, giving to each one a string by which to climb the fence. But there was not quite enough of the white cord. And so she gave to one a dark, rough, knotted string, and one was left without any at all.

5. "It has been a pleasure during the summer for me to watch these two sweet peas. The one to whom the dark string was given had by no means a happy disposition. As I sat near her one morning, she made the most bitter complaints.

"'Look across the yard,' said she. 'Those plants have all the sunshine, and we have all the shade.'

"I whispered, 'Wait till afternoon. Then they will have the shade, and you will have the sun. None have the sunshine always. Some shade is good for all.'

6. "'Well,' she said, 'why is this dark, rough, knotty string given to me? I have a great desire to go up. The yellowbirds sing of fine things to be seen from the fence-top. They sing of gardens blooming with flowers, and of bees and butterflies and sparkling waters. And I've heard that higher up the air is pure and sweet. It must be very delightful. But I can never climb by that dark, rough string. I'd rather stay below.

7. "'The earthworm tells me it is quite pleasant here; and he, for one, never wished to go higher. Robin Runaway is a pleasant playfellow, and sometimes the lady-bugs come. I will creep about here and amuse myself with the beetles. This burdock is a fine shelter from the rain. Who knows but some day a pleasant way of climbing may be offered me.'

8. "From that hour I watched her course. At first she ran about gayly enough, playing with the beetles and Robin Runaway; but when a young family of weeds sprang up, it became very hard to move about. Then the burdock spread out its broad leaves, taking from her every ray of sunshine. Scarcely a breath of pure air could reach her. The singing of the birds sounded far away. She bore one pale, sickly blossom, — no more. And now whoever passes that way may find her lying there, a yellow, feeble thing, giving pleasure to none.

9. "But the sweet pea who had no string given her behaved quite differently. She said, 'I was not made to creep about here. There is something in me which says, "Go up! go up!" This earthy smell oppresses me. Oh, if one could only mount to where the birds are singing! I shall never be content to remain here with Robin Runaway and the earthworms. "Up!" is the word.'

10. "And when the yellowbirds sang to her of the beautiful things to be seen from above, — of gardens and fountains and the fragrant breath

of flowers, — she could no longer remain quiet, but resolved to find some way of raising herself from the earth.

11. "And a pleasure it was for me to watch her progress. First she came to a blade of grass. 'A blade of grass is not very high,' said she, 'but then it leads up, and at the top of this there may be found something higher.' The blade of grass led her to a poppy stalk. 'A poppy stalk is not very high,' said she, 'but it leads up, and who can tell what may be found at the top?'

12. "She soon climbed the poppy and found there the leaves of a currant bush. 'A currant bush is not very high,' said she, 'but it leads up, and from its top something may take me much higher.' At the top of the currant bush, the air seemed filled with sweetness. This came, although she did not know it, partly from her own blossoms. But the bees knew this, and the painted butterflies. These were constant visitors, and charming company they were. And when the humming birds came, — why, that was the best of all.

13. "And what should she find at the top of the currant bush but that same dark, rough string I have spoken of. At first she turned away, saying, 'Oh, that is a dark, hard way, too gloomy to be pleasant.' But a little bird came down and whispered something in her ear; and I heard her saying, 'Very true, little bird; very true, little bird. One cannot expect that all the ways will be made pleasant. It leads upward. That is enough.'

14. "And it happened that the dark string led higher than all the rest, reaching even as far as the branch of hawthorn. And now she is where the yellowbirds sing. The air is pure; no smell of earth reaches her there, and she is blooming all over with the flowers that everybody loves.

"A beautiful garden is spread out beneath, where happy children play and fountains sparkle in the sun. A delightful place, where flowers without number are blooming. The air is full of their sweetness. She herself is sweeter than they all. But this she does not know."

ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

A TALK IN THE HONEY MARKET.

Flowers. "Good morrow, good bees, full early ye fly;
What will ye buy? what will ye buy?"

Bees. "We 'll buy your honey, if fresh and sweet,
And good enough for our queen to eat,
And we 'll store it away for our winter's treat;
For when comes the snow,
And icy winds blow,
The flowers will all be dead, you know."

Flowers. "And what will ye pay, what will ye pay,
If we provide for that wintry day?"

Bees. "Oh, we 'll tell you fine tales. Great news ye shall gain,
For we 've traveled afar over valley and plain.
And the whispering leaves of the forest trees.
They tell all their secrets to wandering bees.
We linger about where the little brooks flow,
And we hear all they sing, though they murmur so low.
We have played by the shore with the sweet Rose-Marie,
And have heard the moan of the sorrowful sea.

We spend long hours
In the woodland bowers,
And have news from your kindred, the dear wild flowers.
We know the swamp pinks, with their fragrance so fine,
The lupine, the aster, and bright columbine.
We know where the purple geranium blows,
And fragrant sweetbrier, and pretty wild rose.
And perhaps we 'll tell,
If your honey you 'll sell,
Why every one loveth the wild flowers so well."

Flowers. "Oh, tell us this secret, and take all our store!
Tell us how to be loved, and we 'll ask nothing more."

ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

FROM TADPOLE TO FROG.

SOME THINGS ABOUT FROGS.

dĕs̲ s̲ĕrt′	ġĕn′ĕr a̲l lў	sŭp pōs̲e′
nŭm′bĕrs̲	crē*a*′tūres̲	tăd′pōles̲
wĕ*a*th′ĕr	spoil′ĭng	cū′rĭ *o*ŭs
ŭn dĕr nē*a*th′	sĕv′ĕr a̲l	cŏm păn′ i(y)ons̲

1. Have you ever noticed, when you have been near the side of a pond, masses of little eggs, about the size of a pea, which float on the surface of the water, generally lying among the long grass at the edge of the pond?

2. Well, suppose you were to come back again in a few days to the same place; do you think you would find these dark-looking eggs still there?

No! they would be gone; and in their places you would see numbers of funny little black creatures with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which make them look somewhat like fishes.

3. These little black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they eat a great deal. Little legs grow out from the sides of the body; the tail disappears; and the animal is no longer a tadpole, but a little frog, jumping about just as you have often seen frogs do.

The frog not only drinks with its mouth, but sucks up water through a great many little holes in its skin, just as a sponge does if you put it into a basin of water.

4. A gentleman once caught a number of frogs, which he kept in a bowl of water. As long as there was plenty of water in the basin, they looked fat and well; but if he took them out when the weather was very hot, they soon grew thin and ill.

These frogs became quite tame, and learned to take their food from their master's hand. They were very fond of flies, and were very clever in

catching them. So when the fruit for the gentleman's dessert was laid out in the storeroom, these frogs were placed around it, to act as little policemen to keep the flies from spoiling it; and they did their work very well indeed.

5. Now there are some very funny things about the frog which you should watch for when you see it.

One is, that after it has worn its coat for some time and thinks it is becoming very tight, it makes up its mind to get rid of it; and as this is very curious, I will tell you about it.

6. When a number of frogs have made up their minds to change their skins, having, of course, new ones underneath, several of them begin at once.

Two of its companions hold the one whose coat is to come off, tight round the middle of its body. Then one or two others give little bites and pulls at its skin, till first one leg, and then another, and at last the whole body is set free, and the frog appears with such a clean white skin that I am afraid it must be very vain.

DOCTOR HOLMES IN HIS LIBRARY.

GRANDMOTHER HOLMES AND THE INDIAN.

Băth shē′bà	vĕg′ĕ tà blęs	ŭn härmed′
*fi*ērçe	vĕn′tu̇re	ĭn tĕnd′ĕd

1. When Oliver Wendell Holmes was a little boy he liked to hear stories about Indians. His

father could tell them to him, as there had been many living near by when he was young.

Oliver's grandmother was a very brave woman. She knew how to take care of sick people, and was very kind.

There was once a big snow storm. So much snow fell that the houses were almost buried in it.

2. Grandmother Holmes heard of a woman, living in a town near by, who was very ill. She put on her snowshoes, climbed out of the second story window, and went to take care of her. Two men went with her, carrying a long pole, and she took hold of the middle of it to help her walk.

In those days the people were troubled by the Indians. At one time the Indians became so fierce that the men built a fort and left their wives and children there, while the work was being done in the fields.

3. Once when the women and children were alone in the fort, some vegetables were needed for their dinner. No one dared venture out but Bathsheba Holmes, who was afterwards the grandmother of Oliver.

She took a big basket and went through a long path into the garden, where she gathered the fresh vegetables and took them back to the fort.

4. Many years afterwards, when she was an old woman, a poor Indian came to her door. She gave him food, and he told her this story. He began by asking her if she remembered going to the garden with a basket years ago, when the women were in the fort. She told him that she did.

He said that he saw her leave the fort, and intended to kill her with his bow and arrow. He hid in some bushes near the path, and was just about to let the arrow fly when something within him seemed to tell him to stop, and she passed safely by.

5. After she was gone, he thought himself a foolish Indian not to have fired at her, and decided to have her life when she went to the fort.

He watched for her return, but he felt the same power holding him back. He stole away to the other Indians, wondering why he did not shoot her.

He thought it was God who held his arm and saved her, and after that he looked upon her as one under the care of the Indian's God.

AN INDIAN CAMP.

CAMELS CROSSING THE DESERT.

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

Part I.

Ä'li (ē)	lī'a ble	rē çēived'
Gā'za	căr'a văn	mĕs'sāge
Sụ ĕz'	stȯm'ạch	āim'lĕss lў
Hăss'ạn	trăp'pĭngs	ăc'çĭ dent

1. Hassan was a camel-driver who lived at Gaza. It was his business to travel across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a son named Ali, about twelve years of age.

One day, when Hassan had been absent three months, his wife received a message from him saying that he wished her to send Ali and the camel with the next caravan going to Suez, where he would wait till the boy arrived.

2. Ali was delighted at the thought of crossing the desert with a caravan, riding his own camel, of which he was very fond. His mother was anxious at the thought of her son taking so long a journey, though she was pleased that Ali should be able to help his father.

3. The camel had been bought after many years of careful saving. Though it was so big and strong, it was as gentle as a child. Ali called it Meek-eye. At the sound of his voice the camel would come when it was called, and kneel while its master mounted or the load was put on its back.

4. So Ali got ready the trappings of the camel; he saw that the water bottles did not leak, for, as they were made of skin, they were liable to crack. At last one day he joined a caravan that was going to Suez. They filled their water bottles

at the wells near the gates of the city, and then, having bidden his mother a fond farewell, Ali started off with a light heart.

5. The leading camels had bells on their necks and were ridden by the guides. All the other camels followed the sound of the bells. So they tramped across the desert, the large spongy feet of the camels making a swishing sound as they pressed into the soft sand, while the drivers laughed and talked as they rode along.

No one took notice of Ali, who was the only boy in the party, but he talked to Meek-eye, and so kept up a brave heart.

6. Towards the middle of the day it became so hot that the sand seemed to be on fire. There was no breeze to cool and refresh them. Nothing was to be seen but sand, rocks, and sky. At noon a halt was called where a small stream gushed out of the rocks. At night the party encamped for rest, the camels lying down while fires were lighted and food was cooked.

7. For several days they traveled without accident; but on the fifth day, about noon, the

sky became overcast, a wind sprang up, the sand of the desert began to move about, and in a few minutes one of the dreaded sand-storms of the desert was upon them. The camels at once lay down and pushed their noses into the sand, while their drivers threw themselves flat upon the earth beside the camels.

8. After the storm had passed, a cry of despair was heard from the drivers. The storm had covered the track with sand, and they could not tell which way to go. So they wandered aimlessly. Three days passed thus, and now a graver danger appeared. Their water bottles were dry.

That night, as Ali lay beside his camel, he heard one of the drivers say, "There is only one thing to be done. We must kill a camel and get the water from his stomach. We had better take the boy's camel. Neither he nor his camel will be missed!"

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

PART II.

nō′tĭçed	ō′ä sĭs	ĕx păn*se*′
rē ṣŏlv*e*′	pä*l*m	lĭs′*te*n*e*d
trĕm′bl*e*d	tĭn̲′klĭng	strā*i*n′ĭng
whĭs′pĕr ĭng	rē frĕsh′ĭng	mĭs tāk′*e*n

1. Poor little Ali trembled with fear as he heard these words. What was he to do, alone among these men fierce with thirst? But as he thought of his camel and the father and mother he loved so well, a sudden resolve sprang up within him. He lay quite still till all was hushed in the camp. Then whispering a few words in his camel's ear, he mounted and stole softly away.

2. On he went through the quiet night, with his faithful camel under him and the silent stars above; and as he went he prayed to the God of his fathers to bring him safely through the desert.

At last day broke, and Ali saw all around him nothing but the vast expanse of sand. Towards

noon he became so faint with thirst that he nearly fell from his camel, and felt that very soon there would be nothing for him to do but to lie down and die.

3. Just then the camel plunged forward a little faster, and straining his eyes, Ali saw in the distance the top of a palm tree. The camel had seen it first, and hastening on, in a short time both were having a long drink from a well, in a small oasis in the desert.

4. After a restful sleep Ali awoke, and now noticed the marks of steps upon the sand. He knew that a caravan had been there just before him. So he drove on as fast as he could, and shortly after dusk he saw the welcome blaze of camp-fires. Soon he found himself one of a circle of camel-drivers, who gave him food and drink and listened to his tale.

5. Happy were Ali's dreams, now that he felt his troubles were nearly over. He was awakened by the shouts of drivers and the tinkling of camel-bells from a new party. As he lay listening in a sleepy fashion to these sounds, he

heard a voice that made him jump from the ground.

6. Could he be mistaken? No, it was the sound of a well-known voice, and in an instant he was in his father's arms.

Hassan had waited at Suez for some time, but as Ali did not come, he thought that there had been some mistake, and started for home. What a joyful meeting there was a few days later when at home, at Gaza, Ali told the story of his escape to his mother, who lifted up her heart in thankfulness to the great Father, who had brought her son safely home to her through so many dangers.

THREE COMPANIONS.

ġĕn′tle măn coŭr′ăġe hĕd̆ġe′rōwṣ

We go on our walk together —
  Baby, and dog, and I —
Three little merry companions
  'Neath any sort of sky;
Blue, as our baby's eyes are,
  Gray, like our old dog's tail;
Be it windy, or cloudy, or stormy,
  Our courage will never fail.

Baby 's a little lady;
  Dog is a gentleman brave;
If he had two legs as you have,
  He 'd kneel to her like a slave;
As it is, he loves and protects her,
  As dog and gentleman can.
I 'd rather be a kind doggie,
  I think, than a cruel man.

DINAH MULOCK-CRAIK.

HOLMES AS AN AUTHOR.

ĕn′tẽr Ī′ron (ûrn) sīdes mĕd′ĭ ćĭne

ŭn sound′ sȧ lūte′ Cŏn stĭ tū′tion (sh)

tĭm′bẽrs fā′moŭs

1. After his year of study at the Academy in Andover, Oliver Wendell Holmes was ready to enter Harvard College.

He proved to be a good student, and wrote many poems during his college course. Many in his class became famous men. They in after years used to meet and talk of their college days.

2. Mr. Holmes was chosen class poet, and he wrote several poems in honor of "The boys of '29," as he called them.

One of these "boys" was the Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote the poem beginning "My country, 't is of thee." The words of this poem have been long sung to the familiar tune of "America."

One of Holmes's first well-known poems was "Old Ironsides," the nickname given to the war-ship "Constitution."

3. This noble vessel came into Boston Harbor, one Fourth of July, firing a salute. She had been a fine ship, and had won many victories in the service of the country.

It was found that the wood in some of her timbers was unsound, and it was proposed to break her up.

The people loved the old ship, and did not wish to have her destroyed. Doctor Holmes felt so indignant that he wrote a poem resenting this proposed action. It was written one afternoon as he sat beside a window in his home at Cambridge.

4. He said in his poem it would be a shame to tear down her banners and strike away her masts. It would be better to nail her flag to the mast, set her sails, and let her ride upon her ocean home until she found a grave beneath its waves.

This poem so stirred the hearts of the people that the grand old ship was saved.

5. After his graduation at Harvard, Mr. Holmes went to Boston to study medicine. He was there

ROOM IN DR. HOLMES'S HOUSE, BOSTON, THE RIVER CHARLES AND CAMBRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.

three years, from 1830 to 1833, when he sailed to Paris to complete his studies. He came back in two years and opened a doctor's office in Boston.

He was so bright and cheerful that every one

liked him. It made them feel better to see his cheery smile.

6. After a few years, he gave up the practice of medicine and devoted himself for nearly forty years to giving lectures at the Harvard Medical School in Boston.

In his spare time he wrote many works, both in prose and verse. All of his writings have been widely read.

7. During most of his life, Doctor Holmes lived in Boston; his different homes overlooked the river Charles, which he loved so well.

He lived to be very old and died in 1894.

Few men have been admired and respected as was Doctor Holmes for his genius as a writer and his rare character as a man.

NOTE. — The teacher should read Holmes's poem entitled "Old Ironsides" to the class, in connection with this lesson.

BLUNDER.

Blŭn'dĕr	ĭm ăg'ĭne	squēak
wạb'ble	slănt'ĭng	lăn'tĕrn
stŭmped	chĭm'neў	stärved
grŭm'ble	clăm'bĕred	ĭn vĭs'ĭ ble

1. Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies and a little coach. Of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate with a tall marble pillar on each side and a sign over the top like this: WISHING–GATE,—but just an old stile, made of three sticks. Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly,—the way it looks, I mean,—an old stile, in the meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

2. Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules. She could only direct him to fol-

low the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she said, for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything, "Be sure you don't miss him, — be sure you don't pass him by." And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood or turn to the right?

3. There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say than "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

4. "Eh! what's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "How dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" And ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

5. But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went; and what was the use of asking the owl, thought Blunder, if this was all? While he waited, a chipmunk came down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

6. "I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "What with storing my nuts and the care of a young family, I have little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! He, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it."

7. So Blunder went on up the brook, and

seeing nothing of the water-sprite or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is, — I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog; "but in a pine tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who, I am quite sure, can show you the way, as he is a great traveler."

8. "I don't know where the pine is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder; but still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices.

9. "Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey. I will come in."

"You shall not, I want my nap."

10. Looking about him, Blunder spied a bee talking with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "but if you will keep on in this path, you will meet the Dream-Man coming down from fairyland, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder; and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

11. So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-Man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over his back. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes; for at home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it," and then his mother or his sister took pains to find it for him. So he passed the Dream-Man without

seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern, set out at once.

12. Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, flying off among the tree-tops.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

"That is not my fault," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

13. Just then Blunder stepped on an old moss-grown stump. This stump was a wood-goblin's chimney; and he fell through, in among the pots and pans in which the cook was cooking the goblin's supper. The old goblin, who was asleep upstairs, started up in a fright at

the clatter, and stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she, "if my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

14. Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore wildly about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed little Blunder, running back to the cook.

15. "Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but—"I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin half-way down the stairs.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that." cried the cook, quite beside herself.

16. But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could the shoes and the closet; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him crying out, "I can't find it," but fortunately Blunder caught his foot in the cloak and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

17. As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, he did not know the way home, and seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir.

18. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took him home, — of which the boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way. For what would you

think if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself and slapping his knees and poking himself till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great roar of laughter?

19. "What *are* you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind; "a hen that starved, sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate and came home because he could not find it."

20. "What? What's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, and though everybody else cried, "What luck?" and "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat silent.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I could n't find it;" and he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

21. "Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles and rolling up her ball of silk; "but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do.

22. "Now this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-Man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern; so he tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and could n't find the shoes and the closet and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and he never knew it.

"Ugh! Bah!" cried the fairy godmother, and away she went up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

Louise E. Chollet.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

1. Louisa May Alcott has made her name dear to all boys and girls. The greater part of her life was spent in Concord, Mass., and it is her home and life there which one learns to know in "Little Women."

Always bright and merry, with heart full of love for every one, she was the life of the household.

2. She was always busy, working for others. Her early years were full of hardship, but later her books became popular, and she was able to do much for those who were dear to her.

Her artist sister, the one called Amy in "Little Women," died while abroad, and sent her baby girl, Louisa May Neriker, to Miss Alcott.

3. The little one was a comfort and delight to her aunt, who cared for her like a mother.

They used to have an hour before bedtime, when little Lulu in her aunt's arms listened to pretty stories of fairies and happy children.

4. Just before Miss Alcott's death in 1888, these stories came out in three books, called "Lulu's Library."

Through the kindness of this same Lulu and her cousins, the Demi and Daisy in "Little Men," two of these stories, "Eva's Visit to Fairyland," and "The Fairy Spring," appear in this Reader.

LITTLE MAY ON HER WAY TO THE BROOK.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

Part I.

splăsh*ed*	blē*a*ch	căd′dĭs
drăg′ȯn	dī′ȧ mȯnd	splĕn′dĭd
hū′mạn	pĕb′bl*e*	năp′kĭn
fā′vọr ĭt*e*	fŭz′zў	rā*i*l′ĭng

1. One summer morning a party of little wood people were talking together about something which interested them very much. The fruit fairy was eating her breakfast as she swung on a long spray that waved in the wind; a bluebird was taking his bath in the pool below, looking as if a bit of the sky had fallen into the water as he splashed and shook the drops from his wings; Skip, the squirrel, was resting on the mossy wall, after clearing out his hole of last year's nuts; Spin, the spider, was busily spreading her webs to bleach; and Brownie, the little bear, was warming his fuzzy back in the sunshine, for his den was rather dark and cold.

2. "It is such a pity that no one understands what the brook is trying to tell them. If they only knew about the fairy spring as we do, this is just the day to set out and find it," said Iris, the elf, as she took the last sip of raspberry shrub from the pretty red cup, and wiped her lips on a napkin Spin had made for her.

3. "Ah, if they only did! How glad I should be to show them the way," answered the bluebird,

as he dried his feathers on a mossy stone, while the caddis worms all popped their heads out of sight in their little stone houses for fear he might eat them.

4. "I have called every child I have seen, and have done my best to lead them up the mountain; but they won't come, and I cannot make them understand the words the brook keeps singing. How dull human creatures are! Even Brownie knows this song, though he is a dear, clumsy thing, always going to sleep when he is not eating," said Skip, with a twinkle in his bright eye; for he and the little bear were good friends.

5. "Of course I do; I've heard it ever since I was born, and the first long walk I took was up the mountain to find the wonderful spring. I drank of it, and have been the happiest creature alive ever since," answered Brownie, with a roll on the green grass.

6. "I am too busy to go, but my cousin Velvetback often comes down and tells me about the splendid life he leads up there, where no foot ever treads on him, no hand ever breaks his

webs, and everything is so still and bright that he is always in a hurry to get home again. When my weaving and bleaching are all done I am going up to see for myself;" and Spin shook off the tiny drops of dew which shone like diamonds on her largest web.

7. "There is one child who comes every day to look at the brook and listen to its babble as it runs under the little bridge over there. I think she will soon hear what it says, and then we will lead her along higher and higher till she finds the spring, and is able to tell every one the happy secret," said Iris, shaking out her many colored robe before she skimmed away to float over the pool, so like a glittering dragon fly, few guessed that she was a fairy.

8. "Yes, she is a sweet child," said the bluebird, hopping to the wall to look along the lane to see if she was coming. "She never throws pebbles in the water to disturb the minnows, nor breaks the ferns only to let them die, nor troubles us as we work and play as most children do. She leans there and watches us as if

she loved us, and sings to herself as if she were half a bird. I like her, and I hope she will be the first to find the spring."

9. "So do I," said Skip, going to sit by his friend and watch for the child, while Brownie peeped through a chink in the wall that she might not be frightened at sight of him, small as he was.

"She is coming! she is coming!" called Iris, who had flown to the railing of the rustic bridge, and danced for joy as a little figure came slowly down the winding lane.

10. A pretty child, with hair like sunshine, eyes blue as the sky, cheeks like the wild roses nodding to her on either side of the way, and a voice as sweet as the babbling brook she loved to sing with. May was never happier than when alone in the woods; and every morning, with her cup and a little roll of bread in her basket, she wandered away to some of her favorite nooks to feast on berries, play with the flowers, talk to the birds, and make friends with all the harmless wood creatures, who soon knew and welcomed her.

11. She had often wondered what the brook sang, and tried to catch the words it seemed to be calling to her. But she never quite understood till this day, for when she came to the bridge and saw her friends — bluebird, squirrel, and dragon fly — waiting for her, she smiled and waved her hand to them and just at that moment she heard the song of the brook quite plainly:

"I am calling, I am calling,
As I ripple, run, and sing,
Come up higher, come up higher,
Come and find the fairy spring.

"Who will listen, who will listen,
To the wonders I can tell
Of a palace built of sunshine,
Where the sweetest spirits dwell?

"Singing winds, and magic waters,
Golden shadows, silver rain,
Spells that make the sad heart happy,
Sleep that cures the deepest pain.

"Cheeks that bloom like summer roses,
Smiling lips and eyes that shine,

Come to those who climb the mountain,
Find and taste the fairy wine.

"I am calling, I am calling,
As I ripple, run, and sing;
Who will listen, who will listen,
To the story of the spring?"

12. "Where is it; oh, where is it?" cried May, when the song ended; for she longed to see beautiful things.

"Go up higher, go up higher,
Far beyond the waterfall,
Follow Echo up the mountain,
She will answer to your call.

"Bird and butterfly and blossom,
All will help to show the way;
Lose no time, the day is going,
Find the spring, dear little May,"

sang the brook; and the child was enchanted to hear the sweet voice talking to her of this pleasant journey.

13. "Yes, I will go at once. I am ready and have no fear, for the woods are full of friends,

and I long to see the mountain top; it must be so lovely up there," she said, looking through the green arches, where the brook came dancing down over the rocks, far away to the gray peak hidden in the clouds.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

PART II.

păl'ăçe	spĭr'ĭt	măġ'ĭc
ĕn chănt'ĕd	mŏs (quĭ' tō)	fō*a*m'ĭng
ärch'ĕs	dŏ*dġe*	tăn'gled
mī*gh*t'ў	g*u*īde	dăsh'ĭng

1. There lay the fairy spring, and she was going to find it. The brook said, "Make haste!" so away she went over the wall, with Skip leaping before her, as if to show the safest stones to set her little feet on. Iris waved the raspberry sprays to attract her with the ripe fruit, and when the basket was nearly full, Bluebird flew from tree to tree to lead her on further into the wood. Brownie dodged behind the rocks and

fallen logs, waiting for his turn to come, as he had a fine surprise for the little traveler by and by.

2. It was a lovely road, and May went happily on, with thick moss underneath, shady boughs overhead, flowers to nod and smile at her, and friends to guard, guide, and amuse her. Every ant stopped work to see her pass; birds leaned out of their nests to bid her good-day; and the bright-eyed snakes, fearing to alarm her, hid under the leaves. Bright butterflies flew round her in clouds; and she looked like a pretty one herself, with her blue gown and sunny hair blowing in the wind.

3. So she came at last to the waterfall. Here the brook took a long leap over some high rocks to fall foaming into a basin fringed with ferns out of which it flowed again, to run faster than ever down to join the river rolling through the valley, to flow at last into the mighty ocean and learn a grander song.

4. "I can never go up there without wings," said May, as she looked at the high rocks with

a tangle of vines all over them. Then she remembered what the brook told her, and called out, —

"Echo, are you here?"

"Here!" answered an airy voice.

"How can I climb up?"

"Climb up."

"Yes; but can I get through the vines?"

"Through the vines."

"It is very high, but I can try it."

"Try it, try it," answered the voice so clearly that May could not doubt what to do.

"Well, if I'm brave I shall be helped."

"Be helped," answered Echo.

5. "Now I'm coming, and I hope I shall find you, sweet Echo."

"Find sweet Echo," sang the voice; and when May laughed, a softer laugh answered her so gayly that she forgot her fear in eagerness to see this new friend hiding above the waterfall.

6. Up she went, and as if fairy hands cleared the way for her, the tangled vines made a green ladder for her feet, while every time she stopped for breath and called, as she peeped into the

shadowy nooks or looked at the dashing water, "Are you here?" the mocking voice always answered from above, —

"Here!"

7. So she climbed safely up and sat down to rest at the top, looking down the valley, where the brook danced and sparkled as if glad to see her on her way. The air blew freshly, and the sun shone more warmly here, for the trees were not so thick, and lovely glimpses of far-off hills and plains, like pictures set in green frames, made one eager to go on and see more.

8. Skip and Bluebird kept her company, so she did not feel lonely, and followed these sure guides higher and higher till she came out among the great bare cliffs, where rocks lay piled as if giants had been throwing them about in their rough play.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

PART III.

ē*a*′gle	cär′pĕt ĕd	hŏn′e*y*
mĕr′rĭ mẹnt	trŭ*d*′ge	nĭm′blў
wē*a*′rĭ nĕss	pē*ar*′lў	crĕv′ĭçe

1. "Oh, how large the world is! and what a little thing I am!" said May, as she looked out over miles of country so far below that the towns looked like toy villages, and people like ants at work. A strong wind blew, all was very still, for no bird sang and no flowers bloomed; only green moss grew on the rocks, and tiny pines no longer than her finger carpeted the narrow bits of ground here and there. An eagle flew high overhead, and great white clouds sailed by so near that May could feel their damp breath as they passed.

2. The child felt a little fear, all was so vast and strange and wonderful; and she seemed so weak and small that for a moment she half wished she had not come.

She sighed, and looked from the mountain top, hidden in mist, to the sunny valley where mother was, and a tear was about to fall when Iris came floating to her like a blue and silver butterfly, and alighting on her hand, let May see her lovely little face and hear her small voice as she smiled and sung, —

"Have no fear,
Friends are here,
To help you on your way.
The mountain's breast
Will give you rest,
And we a feast, dear May.
Here at your feet
Is honey sweet,
And water fresh to sip.
Fruit I bring
On Bluebird's wing,
And nuts sends merry Skip.
Rough and wild,
To you, dear child,
Seems the lonely mountain way;
But have no fear,
For friends are near,
To guard and guide, sweet May."

3. Then at the tap of the fairy's wand, up gushed fresh water from the rock; Bluebird dropped a long stalk of grass strung with raspberries like red beads; Skip scattered his best nuts; and Brownie came with a great piece of honeycomb folded in vine leaves. He had found a wild bees' nest, and this was his surprise. He was so small and gentle, and his little eyes twinkled so kindly, that May could not be afraid, and gladly sat down on the crisp moss to eat and drink with her friends about her.

4. It was a merry lunch, for all told tales and each amused the little pilgrim in his or her pretty way. The bird let her hold him on her hand and admire his pretty blue plumes. Skip chattered and pranced till there seemed to be a dozen squirrels there instead of one. Brownie stood on his head, tried to dance, and was so funny in his clumsy attempts to outdo the others that May laughed till many echoes joined in her merriment. Iris told her splendid stories of the fairy spring, and begged her to go on, for no one ever had so good a chance as she to find out

the secret and see the spirit who lived on the mountain top.

5. "I am strong and brave now, and will not turn back. Come with me, dear creatures, and help me over these great rocks, for I have no wings," said May, trudging on again, much refreshed by her rest.

"I'll carry you like a feather, my dear; step up and hold fast, and see me climb," cried Brownie, glad to be of use.

6. So May sat on his fuzzy back as on a soft cushion, and his strong legs and sharp claws carried him finely over the rough, steep places, while Bluebird and Skip went beside her, and Iris flew in front to show the way. It was a very hard journey, and poor fat Brownie panted and puffed, and often stopped to rest. But May was so surprised and charmed with the lovely clouds all about her that she never thought of being tired.

7. She forgot the world below, and soon the mist hid it from her, and she was in a world of sunshine, sky, and white clouds floating about like ships in a sea of blue air. She seemed to be

riding on them when one wrapped her in its soft arms; and more than once a tiny cloud came and sat on her lap, like a downy lamb, which melted when she tried to hold it.

"Now we are nearly there, and Velvet comes to meet us. These fine fellows are the only creatures who live up here, and these tiny star-flowers the only green things that grow," said Iris, at last, when all the clouds were underneath and the sky overhead was purple and gold, as the sun was going down.

8. Velvet ran nimbly to give May a silver thread which would lead her straight to the spring; and the path before her was carpeted with the pretty white stars, that seemed to smile at her as if glad to welcome her. She was so eager that she forgot her weariness, and hurried on till she came at last to the mountain top, and there, like a beautiful blue eye looking up to heaven, lay the fairy spring.

9. May ran to look into it, thinking she would see only the rock below and the clouds above; but to her wonder there was a lovely palace

reflected in the clear water and shining as if made of silver, with crystal bells chiming with a sound like water drops set to music.

"Oh, how beautiful! Is it real? Who lives there? Can I go to it?" cried May, longing to sink down and find herself in that charming palace, and know to whom it belonged.

10. "You cannot go till you have drunk of the water and slept by the spring; then the spirit will appear, and you will know the secret," answered Iris, filling a pearly shell that lay on the brim of the spring.

"Must I stay here all alone? I shall be cold and afraid so far from my own little bed and my dear mother," said May, looking anxiously about her; for the sky was growing dim and night coming on.

"We will stay with you, and no harm can come to you, for the spirit will be here while you sleep. Drink and dream, and in the morning you will be in a new world."

11. While Iris spoke, Brownie had piled up a bed of star-flowers in a little crevice of the rock;

Velvet had spun a silken curtain over it to keep the dew off; Bluebird perched on the tallest stone to keep watch; and when May had drunk a cup of the fairy water and lain down, with Skip rolled up for a pillow and Brownie at her feet for a

THE SPIRIT GREETS LITTLE MAY AT THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

warm rug, Iris waved her wand and sang a lullaby so sweet that the child was in dreamland at once.

12. When she woke it was day, but she had no time to see the rosy sky, the mist rolling away,

or the sunshine dazzling down upon the world, for there before her, rising from the spring, was the spirit so beautiful and smiling May could only clasp her hands and look. As softly as a cloud the spirit floated toward her, and with a kiss as cool as a dew-drop, she said in a voice like a fresh wind:

13. "Dear child, you are the first to come and find me. Welcome to the mountain and the secret of the spring. It is this: whoever climbs up and drinks this water will leave all pain and weariness behind, and grow healthy in body, happy in heart, and learn to see and love all the simple wholesome things that help to keep us good."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

MR. BRYANT'S EARLY HOME.

BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

Cŭm′mĭng tȯn	fā′mo͝ŭs	strēamṣ
pȧs′to͝ore	vă̈l′le͡y	Sco͝t′la̤nd
ă̈l′phȧ bĕt	spēar′mĭnt	rĭp′pled
Nȯ̤ vĕm′bẽr	Wĕst′fi͡ēld	mĕd′ĭ çĭne

1. In the western part of Massachusetts is a village called Cummington. This town abounds in hills, almost high enough to be called mountains, and these hills are covered with forests.

There are many streams which spring from the hills and the woods, and after wandering over

the rocks and through the fields, flow into the Westfield River.

2. These streams make the grass and the flowers grow, and water the farms which are on the hillside; and the village makes a pretty picture with its pastures, valleys, and woodland.

Years ago, while George Washington was the President, a doctor named Peter Bryant lived in a log farmhouse upon one of these hillsides. A baby boy was born in that house on the 3d of November in the year 1794. This baby was named William Cullen Bryant. Perhaps his father hoped he would be a doctor when he became a man, for William Cullen was the name of a famous doctor in Scotland.

3. William was a bright little fellow, beginning to walk when he was one year of age; and when he was about a year and a half old, he knew the alphabet.

But this did not help to make him a strong and healthy child, and he became pale and feeble. His father wished his boy to be strong, so every morning the little fellow was dipped in a deep

spring of cold water near the house. The little boy did not enjoy this bath, which was given him by one of the young men who was studying medicine with his father, but he grew stronger.

4. William remembered very little about his early school days. No doubt his bright eyes would often wander to the window, where he could see the birds flying and watch the fleecy clouds. The drowsy hum of the bees and the chirp of the crickets would often lull him to sleep.

Once when he fell asleep his teacher took him from the hard bench into her lap. When he awoke, he was very angry to find himself there, for he thought he was too big to be treated like a baby.

5. He remembered that, when there was a summer shower, the boys told him to take off his hat so that the rain might fall upon his hair and make it grow.

A pretty brook rippled along beside the schoolhouse. William and his schoolmates played beside it, and gathered the spearmint which grew along its banks.

A DAY.

stēe′ple	stīle	flŏck
ăm′ĕ thŷst	pûr′ple	dŏm′ĭ nĭe

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time:
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile,
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.

EMILY DICKINSON.

BRYANT'S EARLY HOME LIFE.

chạlk	vī ō̇ lĭn′	dē̇ çḗt′
tĭm′bẽr	bāss vī′ ōl	pā′tients (sh)

1. In the spring of 1799 Dr. Bryant left the old log farmhouse and went to live with Squire Snell, his wife's father.

This old man was very odd, and his grandchildren were afraid of him because he was so stern. He was really a kind man at heart, and only severe to those who did wrong; but the boys hardly dared ask a favor of him.

2. Children in those days were kept in order by means of a little bunch of birch rods. These were tied together, and hung from a nail in the kitchen. Sometimes a boy had to gather the twigs for his own punishment.

The grandmother was gentle with the children, and would play with them. Sometimes she made pictures with chalk upon the kitchen floor, and this pleased the children.

Once a man stole a fine piece of timber which Squire Snell was saving to make runners for a

sled. The Squire found out who had done this, and, for punishment, he made the thief carry some rye to three poor widows, and tell them why he had brought it.

3. William's mother was tall and straight. She was a very busy woman, and spun yarn on her wheel, wove it into cloth, and cut and made most of the clothing for the family. She wove her own carpets, made her own candles, and taught her children to read and write.

She was a good woman, and taught her children to hate wrong and deceit. If any of the neighbors were sick or in trouble, Mrs. Bryant was ready to help and comfort them.

4. Dr. Bryant was a kind man, who had read many books and learned a great deal from them. He had the largest library in the village, and it contained over seven hundred books.

He loved poetry and music, and played upon the violin. He made a bass viol, and learned to play upon that.

His calls were made upon horseback, and his patients paid him what they pleased.

THE BRAVE DRUMMER-BOY.

Lĭn'cŏln	ĕn'ĕ my	Cŏn'grĕss
brĕast	ser'geant (ä)	păr'à pĕt
colo'nel (kûr'nĕl)	wound'ĕd	nōt'à ble

1. General Grant gained a notable victory at the battle of Missionary Ridge during the great Civil War. President Lincoln sent a letter of thanks to him and his army for their skill and bravery, and Congress voted to have a gold medal sent to the victorious general.

2. One of the bravest hearts in that great battle was a little drummer-boy from Ohio, whose name was John. He was only a boy, with bright black eyes, but he was fearless and he loved his country.

When he saw the soldiers preparing for this battle, he went to the colonel and asked him if he might lay aside his drum and shoulder a gun.

3. "Go back to your regiment," said the colonel, and the little fellow turned sadly away.

It was a fierce battle, and John finally threw

down his drum and dashed into the front ranks. He had no gun, but soon a comrade fell at his side, and he shouldered his musket and pressed to the front. Just then a fire swept the row, and the drummer-boy dropped to the ground.

4. Again and again the lines were driven back, only to make fresh charges upon the enemy's breastworks.

While they waited under the Ridge for another order to charge, they missed John. Some one said: "John is wounded and lies close to the enemy's breastworks. He will surely die, if he is left there."

5. One soldier, a sergeant, crept back over the battlefield until he found the drummer-boy, lying there near the enemy's guns. The boy put out his hand and tried to rise, saying, "I think in a moment more I should have stood on the parapet, for I have been used to climbing; but I shall never climb any more.

"Please wake me, Sergeant, when you see the men climb those breastworks. I think I shall

forget my pain when I see the old flag waving against the sky."

6. The sergeant lifted the boy and carried him to the Ridge. How the men shouted when they saw him!

When General Grant saw the flags floating on the slopes of Missionary Ridge, the dying drummer-boy heard the news, too. He smiled in spite of his suffering, and was glad he had given his life for his country.

BRYANT'S SCHOOL DAYS.

lŭnch′eŏn	hōme′stĕad	rafts
băt′tle	dĭm′ple	gĕ ŏg′rȧ phy
rĭv′ŭ lĕt	rĭp′ples	mĕlt′ĭng

1. After the Bryant family moved into the old homestead, William and his brother Austin went to school in a little house near by.

This house stood on the bank of the same rivulet which ran by their home. If it had been a little larger the boys might have gone to school in a boat.

Their teacher was called Neighbor Briggs, and he had a long birch rod with which he kept the boys in order.

2. William was a very good speller, and fond of geography. His lessons interested him, and he liked to study and learn about this beautiful world.

In many country schools, the children live so far from school that they do not go home at noon, but carry their dinners with them.

They sit out under the trees, when it is pleas-

ant, and eat their luncheon, and then play about until the teacher rings a bell to call them into the schoolhouse.

3. William and the other boys often played together near the water. They would build dams across the stream, make rafts, and sail their little boats.

In the winter they would slide on the ice, and build forts of the snow. How the snowballs used to fly when they had a snow battle!

William loved this stream, or rivulet, as he called it. It was his playfellow at home and at school, and was always sparkling and ready for a frolic, as it ran down to join the Westfield River, and was carried on to the sea.

4. He loved the murmur of its ripples over the stones, and found music in its singing waters. The birds sang in the bushes on its banks, and the violet grew close to its waters.

In the springtime, when the rains filled all the streams, and the melting snow ran down the hillsides into them, the rivulet would become quite a large stream.

It would leap and dimple, and sometimes tear off pieces of its bank and carry them further down to some other meadow or wood.

5. It would seem to dance to its own music, and laugh as it played with the roots along its bank; and it made the bushes along its bank feel as if they were dancing, too, for when they looked at themselves in the waters, they were whirling and turning with the silver ripples.

When William was very young, he began to write poetry. The verses came singing themselves into his mind, and he used to write the thoughts which came to him.

6. Do you think he forgot the little rivulet? No, indeed. It was too dear a friend. When he grew older, he would sit by its side and write poetry there. He had the moss and grass for a carpet, the blue sky overhead, and the soft airs and sweet odors of the wood about him. He loved the quiet hush, only broken by the sounds of the birds' notes and the singing of the rivulet. Many of his best poems were written out of doors.

A RIVULET FLOWING THROUGH THE WOODS.

THE RIVULET.

[ABRIDGED.]

o͞oz′y̆	prăt′tlĭng	thrăsh′ẽr
wạ′tẽr crĕs*s*	grăn′de͟ur	wạr′blĭng

This little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.

When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warm breezes, traveling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,

Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run;
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE HOME OF LITTLE DAISY
IN SUMMER.

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

PART I.

crȳs′tạl
ȧ nĕm′ō nēs̱

rē flĕc′tio̱n
cụsh′i̇o̱ns̱
(sh)

sĭl′vẽr ў
blo͞om′ĭng

1. Somewhere in a garden of this earth, grew a fresh, bright little Daisy. The first this little Daisy knew, she found herself growing in green pastures and beside the still waters; and very beautiful did life look to her, as her bright little eyes opened and looked down into the deep crystal waters of the brook below.

2. She knew all the yellowbirds and meadow larks and bobolinks and blackbirds that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pasture, and she was a favorite with them all. The fish that darted to and fro in the waters seemed like so many living gems. Beautiful flowers grew up in the water or on the moist edges of the brook.

3. In fact, there is scarcely any saying how many beautiful blooming things grew in that green pasture where dear little Daisy was so happy first to open her bright eyes. They did not all blossom at once, but had their graceful changes, — a sending forth of leaves, or a making of buds, or a bursting out into blossoms.

4. When the blossoms passed away, there were

seeds, all packed away so snugly in their little seed pods, which were of every dainty shape that ever could be fancied for a lady's jewel box. Overhead there grew a widespreading apple tree, which in the month of June became a bouquet, holding up to the sun silvery opening flowers and pink-tipped buds.

5. Little Daisy's life was one delight from day to day. She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on all over the green pasture, and to bring her sweet messages from the violets and the anemones. There was not a ring of sunlight that danced in the golden network at the bottom of the brook that did not bring a thrill of gladness to her heart.

At night the dewdrops stepped about among the flowers and washed their leaves and faces before they went to rest, and they kept tender guard all night over the flowers, watching to see that all was safe.

6. Sometimes a great surly, ill-looking cloud would appear in the sky, like a cross school-

master, and sweep up all the sunbeams, and then he would send a great, strong wind down on them all, with a frightful noise and roar, and sweep all the little flowers flat to the earth; and there would be a great pattering of raindrops; but in about half an hour it would be all over, — the sunbeams would all dance out from their hiding-places, just as good as if nothing had happened.

7. Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own white blossoms; for as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes, and there were buds of every size, waiting still to come on. "How favored I am!" said Daisy; "I never stop blossoming. The anemones and the bloodroot have their time, but then they stop and have only leaves, while I go on blooming; how nice it is to be made as I am!"

8. "But you must remember," said a great, rough Burdock to her, — "you must remember that your winter must come at last, when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with."

"What do you mean?" said Daisy, in a tone

of pride. "You are an ugly old thing, and that 's why you are cross."

"Tell me, Bobolink," said Daisy, "is there any truth in what this Burdock has been saying? What does she mean by winter?"

"I don't know, — not I," said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air and perched himself airily on a thistle head, singing, —

"I don't know, and I don't care;
It 's mighty pleasant to fly up there,
And it 's mighty pleasant to light down here,
And all I know is chip, chip, cheer."

9. "Say, Humming Bird, do you know anything about winter?"

"Winter? I never saw one," said Humming Bird; "we have wings, and follow Summer round the world, and where she is, there go we."

"Meadow Lark, Meadow Lark, have you ever heard of winter?" said Daisy.

Meadow Lark was sure he never remembered one. "What is winter?" he said, looking confused.

"Butterfly, Butterfly," said Daisy, "come, tell me, will there be winter, and what is winter?"

10. But the Butterfly laughed, and danced up and down, and said, "What is Daisy talking about? I never heard of winter? Winter? ha! ha! What is it?"

"Then it 's only one of Burdock's sayings," said Daisy. "Just because she is n't pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure, too. Say, dear lovely tree that shades me so sweetly, is there such a thing as winter?"

And the tree said, with a sigh through its leaves, "Yes, daughter, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy thy summer and fear not."

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

PART II.

Bŭr′dŏck	frĭnged	Shĕp′*h*ĕrd
câs′kĕts	whĭth′ĕr	drē*a*r′ў
â*i*r′ĭ lў	pĕrched	plĕ*a*s′ūre (zh)

1. The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, their leaves were turning yellow but they had beautiful green seed-caskets, full of rows of little pearls, which next year should come up in blue violets. The dog-toothed violet and the eyebright had gone under ground, and Daisy wondered whither they could be gone. The brook side seemed all on fire with golden-rod, and the bright yellow was relieved by the rich purple tints of the asters, while the blue fringed gentian held up its cups, — and still Daisy had leaves and blossoms, and felt strong and well.

2. By and by there came winds and storms of sleet and hail; and then at night it would be so cold, so cold! and one after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen. The leaves fell from the apple tree, and sailed away down the

brook; the butterflies lay dead with the flowers, but all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny south, following the summer into other lands.

EARLY WINTER NEAR DAISY'S HOME.

"Tell me, dear tree," said Daisy, "is this winter that is coming?"

"It is winter, darling," said the tree, "but fear not. The Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer."

"*I* still hold my blossoms," said Daisy, — for Daisy was a hardy little thing.

3. But the frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally all, all were gone, — there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future held in its bosom.

"Ah, dear tree!" said Daisy, "is not this dreadful?"

"Be patient, darling," said the tree, "I have seen many, many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower: they will all come again."

4. By and by came colder days and colder; and then there came driving storms, and the snow lay over Daisy's head. But still from the bare branches of the apple tree came a voice of cheer. "Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost; winter is only for a season."

"It is so dreary!" murmured Daisy.

"It will be short: the spring will come again," said the tree.

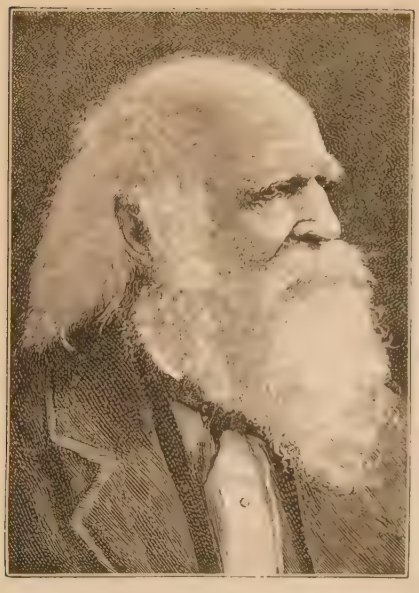
5. And at last the spring did come, and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple tree; and one bright day, little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo! there were all her friends once more.

There were the eyebrights and the violets and the anemones — only ever so many more of them than there were last year, because each little pearl of a seed had been nursed by the snows of winter, and had come up as a little plant to have its own flowers.

6. The birds all came back and began building their nests, and everything was brighter and fairer than before; and Daisy felt strong at heart because she had been through a winter and learned not to fear it.

She looked up into the apple tree. "Will there be more winters, dear tree?" she said. "Darling, there will; but fear not. Enjoy the present hour, and leave future winters to Him that makes them."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



MR. BRYANT IN HIS OLD AGE.

BRYANT'S BOYHOOD.

bŏt'ȧ nў	wąn'dĕr	nā'tūre
fĕ*a*th'ĕr ў	spär'klĭng	sē*a*rched

1. Dr. Bryant soon learned that his son William would rather be a poet than a doctor. His wish was that he should do whatever was best.

When he knew how much William loved poetry, he gave him good books of poems to

read. Dr. Bryant also loved nature, and he often walked in the fields and woods with his son, talking with him and teaching him about the trees and flowers.

2. When William worked upon the farm for his father, they would rest at noon time under the shade of the trees, and study botany. He soon knew much about plants and where they grew, and used to wander by himself into the forests that crowned the hills. Nature had always been his dear friend, and he learned many beautiful lessons from her.

3. The spring delighted him with its merry brooks and brave little blossoms. How eagerly he searched for the earliest blooms and loved the tiny blossoms, which brought sweet promises from the heavy skies!

He said there was beauty in his winter walks. The brook was as gay with its border of sparkling frostwork as with its fringe of summer flowers.

He could see the village through the leafless trees. When the clouds had shaken down to

earth the feathery snow, and all was white, he liked to visit the groves.

4. In the autumn it made him sad to see the leaves heaped in the hollows of the wood. The frost had killed the flowers, and the south wind could whisper to them no more.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. BRYANT WROTE HIS FAMOUS POEM, "THANATOPSIS."

But the beautiful trees in the early fall seemed like giant kings in purple and gold. He liked to hear the wind at play with the bright leaves along the paths in the woods.

This is a picture of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812. Her father was a famous minister; and her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, became still more famous.

Mrs. Stowe's greatest work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made her known all over the world. She lived a noble life; her death occurred in June, 1896. All her writings bear the stamp of her genius as an author and her goodness as a woman.

We have just read the story of "The Daisy's First Winter," written by Mrs. Stowe, and now let us read another, called "The Squirrels that Live in a House."

AUNT ESTHER AND HER PET SQUIRRELS.

THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE.

*w*rĕn	spăr′rō*w*	hăt*ch*ed
*ch*ăt′tĕr	flī*gh*t′y̆	dĭs quī′ĕt
ō*w*n′ẽr	rē ṣôrt′	sc*h*ĭs′ṣo͝oṛs

1. Once upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large

bow windows, and so much of it was glass that one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest.

2. You could see the little chipping sparrows and thrushes and robins and bluebirds building their nests here and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels and gray squirrels and little striped squirrels darting and springing about, here and there and everywhere, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

3. Old Mrs. Rabbit declared that the hammering and pounding made her nervous. "Depend upon it, children," she said to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this change. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

The old chestnut tree that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine drew a great sigh which shook all its leaves. The squirrels talked together of the dreadful state of things that would come.

"Why!" said old Father Gray, "Nature made the nuts for us; but one of these great human creatures will carry off what would keep a hundred poor families of squirrels in comfort." The bluebirds and bobolinks, it is true, took more cheerful views of matters; but then, as old Mrs. Ground-Mole observed, they were a flighty set, half their time being spent in the south.

4. In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed that after all it was not so bad a thing as had been feared.

5. Several gay butterflies fluttered in and sailed about, and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumblebee and two or three honeybees expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially enchanted with the garden. In fact, when it was found that the owners were very fond of Nature, and had come out there for

the purpose of enjoying her, — that they watched and spared the flowers, that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest interest, — then every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

6. "Mamma," said young Titbit, a frisky young squirrel, one day, "why don't you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?"

"My dear," said his mother, who was a very careful old squirrel, "how can you think of it? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again; but as matters stand, it 's best for you to keep well out of their way."

7. "But, mother, there is such a good fairy lives there! and she seems to love us; she sits in the window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all around at the roots of the tree for us to eat."

"She is well enough," said the old mother squirrel, "if you keep far enough off; but you can't be too careful."

8. Now this good fairy was a nice little old lady that the children used to call Aunt Esther; and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what pleased them. And so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of thread and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels.

While she sat at her work in the bow window, she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

9. "There, mamma," said Titbit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast have been in at the window, and it did n't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well," said old Mother Squirrel, "you must be very careful: never forget that you have n't wings like Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast."

10. So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train of corn from the roots of the trees to the window, and then from the window to her workbasket, which stood on the table beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the workbasket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, creep, came Titbit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them.

11. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needlebook, and took a nibble at her white wax, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops, till they looked as if they had the mumps.

12. At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the trees, chattering and laughing before she had time even to wink.

But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still, they would eat out of it; and finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Titbit were fairly caught.

13. Oh, how their hearts beat! But the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So day after day they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her workbasket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing. They also made long voyages all over the house, up and through all the chambers.

14. The dear good fairy passed away from the house in time, and went to a land where the flowers never fade and the birds never die; but the squirrels still continued to make the place a favorite resort.

"In fact, my dear," said old Mother Red one winter to her mate, "what is the use of one's living in this cold, hollow tree when these people

have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have looked between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can run in and out of the garret; and, say what you will, these humans have delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter."

15. So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there.

The trouble of all this was, that as Mrs. Red got up to begin her housekeeping and woke up all her children at four o'clock in the morning, the good people were often disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night.

Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband lectures in the night, which made him so cross that he would rattle off to another part of the garret to sleep by himself; and all this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

16. What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do? Would you let the squirrels live in your house, or not? When our good people come down on a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret to-day.

And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I 'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We now have a picture of Mrs. Celia Thaxter who wrote the poem on the next page, called "The Sandpiper."

Mrs. Thaxter was born a little over sixty years ago in the quaint old seaport town of Portsmouth in New Hampshire. She passed the early days of her girlhood on the bleak Isles of Shoals, about ten miles off the New Hampshire coast. She wrote a delightful book about her life on her dreary island home, which you must read some day. Her poems about the ocean, birds, and flowers, written especially for children, are beautiful in thought and expression. Mrs. Thaxter died in 1894.

THE SANDPIPER.

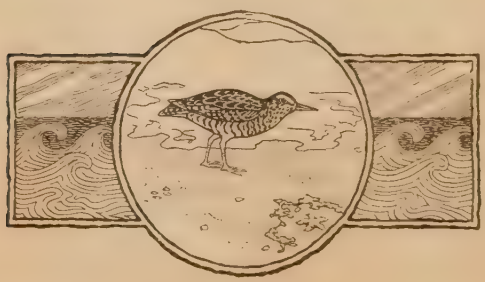
Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.



HOW ANDY SAVED THE TRAIN.

pär tĭc′ū lar	bēav′ẽrs	ĕn gĭ nēer′
cŏn trĭb′ūte	strōl′ĭng	hŏr′rĭ ble
strĕtched	făsh′ĭons	screēch′ĭng

1. Andy Moore was a short, freckled, little country boy, tough as a pine knot. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not. He was not at all particular about that; his shaggy red hair, he thought, protected his head well enough.

2. As for what people would think of it, — he did not live in a city where one's shoe-lacings are noticed; his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about beavers, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs than he did about fashions.

3. He liked to sit rocking on the top of a great, tall tree, or to stand on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. Andy's house was a rough shanty on the side of the hill; it was built of mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant there.

4. Near his father's house there was a railroad track; and Andy often watched the black engine as it came puffing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screeching through the valleys and under the hills like a mad thing. Although it went by the house every day, yet he never wished to ride in it; he had been content with lying on the sand bank, watching it disappear in the distance, leaving a great wreath of smoke curling round the tree tops.

5. One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was as yet quite a little lad; but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow, and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things.

6. Just then he heard a low, distant noise. Dear, dear! the cars were coming then! He was but a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way; at any rate there was nobody else there to do it.

7. Andy never thought that he might be killed himself; but he went and stood straight

in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far apart as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. Andy never moved a hair.

8. Again the engine whistled. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it. Then the engineer, of course, had to stop the train, saying something in his anger to the boy as he did so, "for not getting out of the way." But when Andy pointed to the track, and the man saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life, but the lives of all his passengers, his scolding changed to blessing very quickly.

9. Everybody rushed out to see what a horrible death they had escaped. Had the cars rushed over the bad track, they would have been hurled headlong down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, freckled face, and cried over him; and the men, as they looked at

their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy."

And that is not all: they took out their purses and made up a large sum of money for him; not that they could ever repay the service he had done them, — they knew that, — but to show him in some way besides in mere words that they felt grateful.

10. Now that boy had presence of mind. Good, brave little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name — Andy Moore — and the place he lived in; and if you wish to know what was done for him, I will tell you.

He was sent to school, and, in after years, to college, and these people whose lives he saved paid his bills, and helped to make a place in the world for him.

FANNY FERN.

The next piece, called "Tiny's First and Only Lie," was written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose portrait we have on this page. She was born in Boston in 1844, but soon after moved to Andover, Mass. She began to write stories when a very young girl, and has been writing ever since.

No doubt you have read some of her many stories for children, especially the "Trotty" books. Her books for grown-up people are deeply interesting and widely read. Her writings, like her life, are full of beauty and truth, and there is comfort and meaning in her simplest stories.

TINY AND HER PET RABBIT, MOP.

TINY'S FIRST AND ONLY LIE.

swäl′lo̱*we*d	go͞o̱s*e*′bĕr rў	fa̱ls*e*′ho͝od
scăm′pĕr*e*d	sō′bĕr lў	grăm′ma̱r
ŭn dĕr stănd′	sĭn̲′gŭ la̱r	wĭn̲k′ĭng

1. One day Tiny went out to play with her pet rabbit. He was all brown, from the tips of his ears to the tip of his tail, and Tiny named him Mop. He had become as tame as a kitten, and Tiny found him quite a playmate.

This morning, after she had given him his breakfast of carrots and clover, she took him for a race in the garden. Mop was in fine spirits, and he scampered away after her down the path, and hopped past her into the gooseberry bushes.

Tiny ran after him, and found him hiding under the leaves, looking out at her with his eyes very bright.

2. Just then the gooseberries, which were full and ripe on the bush, caught her eye.

"How nice they look!" she said to herself.

"I'll just *taste* one; I won't eat it, because mother does not like me to eat them," said Tiny; and she put the berry to her lips. It tasted so good that she thought she might as well swallow it while she was about it; and then she thought two would not hurt her any more than one, so she ate two.

After that she ate another, and another, and then —

"Tiny!" called her mother, from the house.

3. Tiny gave a start, swallowed the last berry

whole, caught up Mop in her arms, and walked slowly into the house.

"What were you doing, Tiny?" asked her mother.

"Oh," said Tiny, looking all about the room, "I went out to play with Mop."

"Did you eat any gooseberries, Tiny?"

"No, mother, I did n't!"

4. "Tiny," said her mother, soberly, "is my little girl very sure of this?"

"Mother, just see Mop, how he is biting my finger. I don't think he is very polite, do you?"

"Tiny, you did not answer my question."

"What was it about? Oh, I remember now. Yes, mother, I 'm very sure of this."

"I hope," said her mother, looking steadily at her, "that my little girl will always be careful to speak the truth."

"Yes," said Tiny, quickly.

Tiny's mother sat a minute as if she were thinking very soberly about something; then she rose, without another word, and left the room.

5. As soon as Tiny was left alone she went into the corner behind the door, and sat down

on the floor. She sat there a long time, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

It was the first time she had ever told a falsehood; and such a strange little pain had come into her heart that she thought at first she was sick, and was quite frightened; but after a few minutes she began to understand that it was because she had done wrong. Then she thought about God all at once, and was afraid he would not love her any more, and then she began to cry.

6. After she had cried very softly for a little while, she thought she would go and play with Mop; so she ran away, and tried to play. But somehow all the fun seemed to have gone out of everything. Besides, Mop made her think of the gooseberries; so she went back to her corner behind the door again, and stayed there till dinner time. Then she went to the dining-room skipping, and singing some merry little song.

7. "Father," she asked at the dinner table, "what is the difference between *goose* and *geese?*"

"One is singular: the other is plural," said

her sister Ellen, who wanted to show how much grammar she knew.

"Why," explained her father, "if you see one goose, that is a *goose;* but if you see a good many, we call them *geese.*"

"Tiny," said her mother, "what made you think about geese?"

8. "I guess it must be those gooseberry bushes in the garden," said her brother Fred.

Tiny felt choking, and passed her plate for some more pudding.

About the middle of the afternoon, Tiny came into her mother's room, looking very serious.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"Mother, I've been thinking this is a queer world — don't you think so?"

"What made you think so, Tiny?"

9. Tiny began to play with the baby just then, and made no answer. Presently she put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, —

"I've got a stone in my heart, mother."

"What do you mean, Tiny?"

"Here," said Tiny, putting her hand under her chin; "I think I'm sick."

"My little girl is not very happy — is n't that it?"

"I do feel so full of sorrows, but I think it 's a stone; perhaps I swallowed it sometime."

"No, I think not," said her mother. "You want to tell me something, don't you?"

10. "Mother," said Tiny, in a whisper, "what *do* you suppose I did?"

"What was it, Tiny?"

"I — I ate a gooseberry this morning."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said her mother, laying down her work.

"I believe I ate two."

"Is that all, Tiny?"

11. "I should n't wonder if I ate a lot," said Tiny, winking very hard to keep from crying.

"Why did you not tell me that this morning?" said her mother, sadly.

Tiny hung her head.

"I would rather have my little girl do anything else in the world than tell a lie."

12. "Oh, mother!" and Tiny broke out in a sudden cry. "Oh, mother, I am so sorry! I don't know what made me do it, and I 'll never, never do it again."

"I hope you won't," said her mother, "and now you must go to your own room till tea time."

It was a long and dreary afternoon to Tiny, as she sat alone thinking about what she had done. I doubt if she ever forgot it as long as she lived. She never told a lie again.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MOP.

This is a picture of Lucy Larcom, who wrote the next piece, called "Dandelion-Down." She also wrote other charming stories and poems for children. Her home was in Beverly, on the coast of Massachusetts. She wrote a little book of poems when she was only seven years old. While she was a young woman she worked in the cotton mills at Lowell, using her spare moments in reading good books and writing poems. For many years she was a personal friend of Whittier, the Quaker poet of Amesbury.

Miss Larcom was dearly beloved for her writings and her worth as a woman.

DANDELION-DOWN.

dăn′dē lī ŏn	gŏs′sa mĕr	phăn′tŏm
*gh*ōsts	spĭn′nĭng	scăt′tĕr ĭng

1. Floss-Hair ran out to play in the sunshine among the dandelions. Grandmamma watched her from the doorway where she sat spinning,—her little bright head in its halo of silky gold. Suddenly Floss-Hair paused, and turned a questioning glance towards the doorway.

Grandmamma looked very lovely to Floss-Hair from where she stood. A silvery sunbeam danced around her spinning wheel, so that she seemed to spin behind a veil of gossamer; and in her gray dress, with her quiet eyes smiling out from under her white, smooth hair, she was more than beautiful.

2. Floss-Hair broke a downy seed globe from its stalk, and blew it one, two, three times. The plumes fluttered around her in the air; not one was left on the stem. "Grandmamma wants me," she said, and ran back to the door.

"What was it stopped your play, little one?"

Malcolm Fraser

"Why, there is scarcely a dandelion left there in the grass, and in their places are rows of round gray heads, standing up like ghosts. Why need flowers die, grandmamma?"

3. "Did you see where the seed feathers went, Floss-Hair, when you blew them from the stem?"

"Oh, into the air, to sail off on the clouds, perhaps."

"No, no, dear; some of them glided away to hide under the velvet grass of the lawn, where they will sleep all summer and all winter, and next spring will come out again, wide-awake young dandelions. And see there, — the yellow-birds are taking the gray plumes to weave into the lining of their nests, and hundreds of little shivering birds will be thankful another year that the golden blossoms were changed to dandelion-down."

4. "So the dandelions are spinning silk to line the birds' nests with," said Floss-Hair; "and grandmamma sits and spins for me. Dear grandmamma, your hair is gray and soft like dandelion-down, — I hope no cruel wind will ever blow you away from me."

"But, little one, my hair was once all fly-away gold, like yours. Call me Dandelion-Down, — the phantom of a little Floss-Hair that played among the meadow blossoms seventy years ago."

5. "No, no, grandmamma, I will not call Dandelion-Down a ghost any more; it is a little, common, yellow flower turned to an angel, scattering blessings about the world, like a white-haired grandmamma I know, who has kind words always ready to give everybody. If people could only be sure of growing good and lovely as they grow old!"

6. The next spring little Floss-Hair strayed silently among the dandelions, for the chair in the doorway was vacant, and the spinning wheel was still. But the child's heart was not wholly sad. Her memory was a nest of warm and tender thoughts that seemed fluttering back to her from the dear, silver-haired friend, now one of the white angels of heaven.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE MAPLE TREE'S CHILDREN.

By ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Abby Morton Diaz was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1821. The little girl was allowed to live out of doors, a free, happy life, wandering about the ship-yards, and playing upon the beach to her heart's content. She was very fond of playing with other children, and often invented games, making songs to fit them.

When this play season was over, she became fond of study, and began writing a little for children. She was full of music, and would gather children about her and teach them to sing.

When her first story for children appeared in print she was almost ashamed to have her friends see it, for it seemed to her that nothing of her own was worth publishing.

The story was well received, however, and followed by many others, which are full of nature, imagination, and fun.

She lives near Boston, and is interested at present in writing for older people.

shĭv′ĕr ĭng	thrŭsh′ĕs
prĕ sĕnt′ĕd	dĕs′ō lāte
mŭl′tĭ tūdes	prĕs′ent lў

1. A Maple Tree awoke at springtime, shivering in the east winds. "O Mother Nature," she said, "I tremble with cold. Behold my limbs, ugly and bare. The birds

are all coming back from the South, and I would look my best. They will soon be building their nests. O, a bird's-nest does make a tree so pleasant! But they will not come to me, because I have no leaves to hide them!"

2. And kind Mother Nature smiled, and presented her daughter Maple with such multitudes of leaves! More than you could count! These gave beauty to the tree, besides keeping the rain out of the bird's-nests. For birds had quickly come to build there, and there was reason to expect a lively summer.

3. A happy Maple Tree now was she, and well pleased with her pretty green leaves. They were so beautiful in the sunlight; and the winds whispered such sweet things to them as to make them dance for joy! A pair of golden robins had a home there, and thrushes came often. Sunshine and song all day long! Or if the little leaves became hot and thirsty in the summer's heat, good Mother Nature gave them cooling rain-drops to drink. A happier Maple Tree could nowhere be found.

4. "Thanks! thanks, Mother Nature," she said, "for all your care and your loving kindness to me!"

But when autumn came with its gloomy skies and its chilling winds the Maple Tree grew sad, for she heard her little leaves saying to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

People living near said, "Hark! Do you hear the

wind? It sounds like fall." Nobody told them it was the leaves, all over the forest, saying to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

"My dear little leaves!" sighed the Maple Tree. "Poor things, they must go! Ah, how sad to see them droop and fade away!"

A WOODLAND SCENE, SHOWING THE FOLIAGE IN ITS MIDSUMMER GRANDEUR.

5. "I will make their death beautiful," said kind Mother Nature. And she changed their color to a scarlet, which glowed in the sunlight like fire.

And every one said, "How beautiful!"

And one cold morning she stood with her limbs all

bare, looking very desolate. The bright leaves lay heaped about her.

"Dear, pretty things!" she said. "How I shall miss them! They were such a comfort! And how ugly I am! Nobody will care for me now!"

But presently a flock of school-girls came along, talking cheerily of ferns, red berries, and autumn leaves.

6. "And I think," said one, "that there 's a great deal of beauty in a tree without any leaves at all."

"So do I," said another. "Just look up through this tree. Its branches and boughs and twigs make a picture against the sky!"

And the lively school-girls passed on.

"Ah," said the Maple Tree, "this will at least be pleasant to dream about!"

For she already felt her winter's nap coming on. If she could but have heard what her little leaves said to each other afterwards, down there on the ground!

7. "Dear old tree! She has taken care of us all our lives, and fed us, and held us up to the sun, and been to us a kind mother, and now we will do something for her. We will get under ground and turn ourselves into food to feed her with, for she 'll be sure to wake up hungry after her long nap!"

8. Good little things! The rains helped them, and the winds, — in this way: the rains beat them into the ground,

and the winds blew sand over them, and there they turned themselves into something very nice for the old Maple Tree, — something good to take.

And now, as she wakes up again in the spring and takes a full meal of it, she is once more lively and happy, and many fresh young leaves unfold to clothe her limbs.

THE FROLIC OF THE LEAVES.

By HARRY L. KOOPMAN.

ăz′ure (zh)	ĭm plōr′ĭng	swāth′ĭng
grēen′swa̤rd	scăm′pĕr ing	crō͞oned

The leaves of the elm and the maple
First opened their wondering eyes
Under the bending beauty
Of the azure April skies.

They drank in the warmth of springtime,
They threw off their swathing bands,
And reached out into the sunlight
Their pink, imploring hands.

They were rocked in the arms of summer,
While wandering winds above
Crooned a low lullaby to them
In murmuring music of love.

But the drowsy charm of the west wind
The leaves threw off ere long,
For they heard in the blue above them
The bright birds' tempting song.

And beneath them they saw the greensward
With its beckoning blooms, and they sighed
To be out of the lonely tree-top
Into the world so wide.

At last, after watching and waiting,
Autumn, the beautiful, came
Stepping with sandals of silver,
Decked with a mantle of flame.

Then Nature, the loving mother,
In the moony month of sheaves,
Arrayed in yellow and crimson
Her children, the forest leaves.

The leaves clapped their hands, delighted,
And shouted loud in their glee.
They sprang on the back of the north wind,
Which lifted and set them free.

Ha! 'Twas a glorious riding
As they leaped along with the blast,
Frisking along over fences,
Scampering gaily and fast.

A WINTER VIEW. THE LEAVES COVERED "WITH BLANKETS, WARM AND DEEP."

So sped they. At last the north wind
Began to grow chill and bleak;
Their dresses were torn and faded,
Their feet were weary and weak.

So Nature, the loving mother,
Who had watched them with many fears,
Laid them to rest on the brown earth
She had softened with her tears.

Then covered them tenderly, softly,
With snow blankets, warm and deep,—
Her children, tired of playing,
And weary, and full of sleep.

JACKANAPES AND THE PONY.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

This charming selection is taken from "Jackanapes," a quaint and very popular sketch of the same name. It was written by Mrs. Ewing, who died in 1885, at the age of forty-four. The writings of this lady, who contributed so extensively to English juvenile literature, under the name of "Aunt Judy," have become popular in America as well as in her own country. "Jackanapes" is her best literary work and made her name famous. The book as a whole is delightful reading.

cō′cȯ̇*a* nŭt wā*i*st′cȯ̇*a*ts mĭs′chĭ*e*f
ŏp pŏr tū′nĭ tў bē̇ hāv′ior mĭl′ĭ tā rў
(y)
cŏn fĭ dĕn′ti*a*l lў
(sh)

1. It was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

2. The Gypsy boy was willing enough to reward Jack-

anapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman?" screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It 'll not kill him. He 'll fall on his yellow head, and it 's as tough as a cocoanut."

3. But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony; but, oh, the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony.

Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk, at the place where they had started.

4. "Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

5. At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father.

"Lollo is your pony, is n't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He 's a very nice one."

"He 's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

6. "Fifteen pounds," said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and Tony rode the two donkeys; and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes' donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

7. A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She told him that his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to be sure to say "sir" to the General, and to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat. The General arrived; and for the first day all went well.

8. Jackanapes began to feel at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the postman. All that the General felt, it would take too long to tell; but he was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"A pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

9. "You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I 'd so much money."

"Indeed, it 's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I 'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman."

10. "You don't want money except at Fair times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

11. "Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from

twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

12. "Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

JACKANAPES AND THE OLD GENERAL.

"All that money! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. The Gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning!

Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

13. "If he's a racer you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No—o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"Indeed you did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

14. The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

15. How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman—"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears.

Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

16. "Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand; all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in the two arm-

chairs, the General watching every line of his grandson's face.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes."

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

17. The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier too."

"So you shall, my boy; so you shall."

18. "Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the Gypsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

19. "Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one

of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes, "and I'll try to be very good; but I want to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. Cavalry, I suppose. Well — well — if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country — it can but break for you."

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

rå vine′	fŏr′*e*ĭ*g*n	ĕx̱ ăm′ĭned
bō(ē)*u*l′dĕr	crĕv′ĭçe	ăs tŏn′ĭsh ment

1. Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

2. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the

Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the North-wind rushed through the ravine; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side.

3. "Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "what dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch.

"In God's name, let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

4. When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

5. But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

"Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards.

"Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook.

6. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

"Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

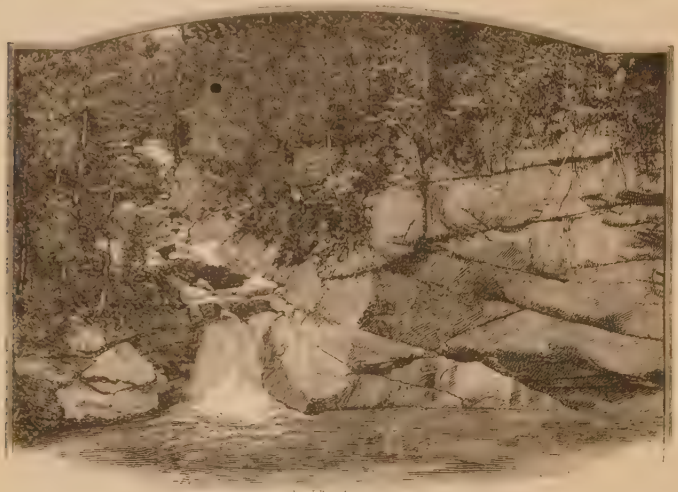
"He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew larger.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags.

7. It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and

then she went on. "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly, that he



HIGH AND STEEP CLIFFS CLAD WITH TREES.

thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he.

8. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The

Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy.

And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain.

"But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dewdrops glittered, the birds sang, the woodmouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

9. Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge.

"O dear me!" said she, and over she went. "What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over.

"Dear me!" he cried, and over he went. "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over.

10. "Ah!"—every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

"What is it they all see, and not I?" said the Birch.

"Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain;" and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell. "This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā	as in	fāte	â	as in	câre	i̇	as in	i̇dea	o͞o	as in	fo͞od
ä̇	"	senäte	ē	"	mēte	ĭ	"	ĭt	o͝o	"	fo͝ot
ă	"	făt	ė̄	"	ė̄vent	ī	"	sīr	ū	"	ūse
ä	"	ärm	ĕ	"	mĕt	ō	"	ōld	u̇	"	u̇nite
a̤	"	a̤ll	ē	"	hēr	o̤	"	o̤bey	ŭ	"	ŭp
ȧ	"	ȧsk	ī	"	īce	ŏ	"	nŏt	û	"	fûr

II. EQUIVALENTS.

a̤ = ŏ	as in	what	o̤ = o͝o	as in	wo̤lf	u̇ = o͝o	as in	pu̇ll
ê = â	"	thêre	ȯ = ŭ	"	sȯn	ȳ = ī	"	flȳ
ī = ē	"	gīrl	ô = a̤	"	hôrse	y̆ = ĭ	"	babў̆
o̤ = o͞o	"	mo̤ve	ṳ = o͞o	"	rṳle			

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = s	as in	miçe	th (unmarked)	as in	thin
c or c (unmarked) = k	as in	cal	ph = f	"	phantom
ch = k	as in	schoo͝l	s = z	"	is
ch (unmarked)	"	child	z (like s sonant)	"	zone
ġ like j	"	cāġe	qu (unmarked)	"	quite
g (hard)	"	gĕt	x = gz	"	exact
n = ng	"	ĭnk	x (unmarked) = ks	"	vex
th	"	thĕm			

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound, are marked thus, a̤, e̤, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST.

The following is an alphabetical list of words used in this Reader. Many of the more common words that have been used in the previous Readers of the series are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

ā′ ble
à bounds′
à broad′
ăb′ sĕnt
ăc′ çĭ dent
ăc count′
āche
ăc′ tion
(shun)
ā′ gent
à grēe′ à ble
à grēed′
āim′ lĕss
âir′ gŭn
âir′ ĭ lў
aīsle
à līght′
ăl lowed′
à lŏng′
à loud′
al thōugh′
ăm′ ĕ thўst
à mĭd′
à mĭss′
ăn′ chored
à nĕm′ ō nĕ
ăn′ ĭ mals
ant
ăn′ thĕm
ăn′ tĭcs
a′ nў thĭng
(ĕ)
ăp′ ple
ăp plў′
är′ bĭ tĕrs
arched
ärm′ ful
är′ mў
à rouse′
ăr rānge′
ăr rīve′
är′ tĭ cle
är′ tĭst
ăsh′ ĕs
à shōre′
à sīde′
ăs tŏn′ ĭsh ment
ăt tăck′

ạu′ thor
å whīle′
å wōke′
ăz′ ure
(zh)

băb′ bled
bā′ sin
bȧs′ kĕt
bāss vi′ ol
bēad
bēam
bēa′ vĕr
bė̄ hāv′ ior
(y)
bė̄ hōld′
bē′ ĭng
bĕlch′ ĭng
bĕl′ frў
bė̄ lēved′
bĕnch
bĕnd
bė̄ nēath′
bė̄ sīde′
bė̄ to͝ok′
bė̄ trāy′
bĭd′ den
bĭt′ tĕr
blăck′-eyed
(ĭ)

blȧst
blāze
blēach
blēak
blo͝od
blo͝od′ ro͝ot
blŭn′ dĕr
bōard
bŏd′ ў
bōld′ lў
bōlt
bōnes
bos′ om
bŏt′ å nў
bŏt′ tle
bŏt′ tom
bôught
bọul′ dĕr
.bou quet′
(bo͞o kā′)
bowed
bow′ ĕrs
bōwl
brāin
brănd
brāv′ ĕr ў
brāyed
breāk
brĕast′ work
(û)

brĕath
brī′ dle
brĭsk
brō′ ken-heärt′ ĕd
bro͝om′ stĭck
brow
brŭsh
bŭck′ le
bŭff
bŭf′ fȧ lō
bŭg′ gў
bụl′ lĕt
bụl′ rŭsh
bŭm′ ble bēe
bûr′ den
bûr′ dŏck
bur′ ĭed
(ĕ)
bûrst
bụsh′ ĕl
bụsi′ nĕss
(ĭ)
bŭzz

căd′ dĭs
cälm′ nĕss
căm′ ĕl
cămp′ fīre
căn′ kĕr-worm
(ù)

căn′ tẽr
cā′ pẽr
căp′ taĭn
căr′ ȧ văn
cärd
câre′ lĕss
cär′ pĕt
căr′ rȯt
căs′ kĕt
căt′ ẽr pĭl lar
cause
chāise
(s)
chalk
chânçe
chânt
chăr′ ăc tẽr
chär′ ġẽs
chăr′ ĭ tў
chärm′ ĭng
chăt′ tẽr
chīld′ hoo̅d
chīld′ ĭsh
chīme
chĭnk
chĭp
chĭp′ mŭnk
chirp
chō′ rŭs
chō′ sen
chŭck′ lĭng
çĭr′ cle
clăm′ bẽr
clăp′ pĭng
clȧsp
clăt′ tẽr
clawed
clŏgs
clōsed
clōse′-rēefed
clōth′ ĭng
clŭmp
clŭm′ sў
cōach
cōast
cŏb′ wĕb
cō′ cȯa nŭt
cŏl′ lar
colo′ nel
(kûr′ nẹl)
cōlt
cŏl′ ŭm bīne
cōmbed
cȯm′ fort a ble
cŏm păn′ ĭȯn
(y)
cȯm′ pass
cŏm plāin′ ĭng
cŏm plēte′
cŏn fẽssed′
cŏn fĭ dĕn′ tial ly
(sh)
cŏn fūsed′
cŏn′ quẽr or
(k)
cŏn sĕnt′
cŏn tāined′
cŏn tẽnt′
cŏn tĭn′ ûe
cŏn trĭb′ ûte
coo̅k′ ў
cŏp′ ў
côrn
côr′ nẽr
cŏst
cŏt′ ton
coŭr′ ȧġe
cōurt
cȯv′ ẽr lĕt
cō′ zў
crăck′ ẽr
crāpe
crawled
crā′ zў
crēek
crēep
crĕpt

crĕv′ ĭçe
crĭck′ ĕt
crōak
crōon
crŏp
crŏss
crouched
crowd
crўs′ tal
cūre
cū′ rĭ oŭs
cŭr′ rent
cush′ ion
cŭs′ tom
cŭt

dāin′ tў
dăm
dămp
dăn′ dė lĭon
dān′ ġĕr
därk′ en ĭng
där′ lĭng
därt′ ĕd
dāy′ light
dăz′ zlĭng
dēa′ con
dĕaf
dēal

dė cāy′
dė çēit′
dė çēived′
dė çīd′ ĕd
dēemed
dė fĕnd′
dė lāy′
dĕl′ ĭ cāte
dĕn
dĕnts
dė pĕnd′
dē′ pŏt
dĕpths
dė scrībe′
dė sīre′
dĕsk
dĕs′ ō lāte
dė spâir′
dĕs sĕrt′
dė stroyed′
dė vōt′ ĕd
dī′ ȧ mond
dĭf′ fĕr ent
dĭpped
dĭ rĕct′
dĭ rĕc′ tion
(sh)
dĭs ăp pēar′
dĭs ăp point′

dĭs gŭst′
dĭsk
dĭs māy′
dĭs pŏ sĭ′ tion
(sh)
dĭs quī′ ĕt
dĭs′ tançe
dĭs′ tant
dĭs tûrb′
dŏdġe
dŏm′ ĭ nĭe
dŏn′ keў
doŭ′ ble
doubt
down′ ward
dȯz′ en
drăg′ ȯn
drā′ pĕr ў
drĕad′ fụl
drew
(ụ)
drīed
drĭft′ wōōd
drĭnk
drōōp′ ĕth
drŏp′ lĭght
drŏpped
drow′ sў
drŭm

drŭm′ mĕr-boy
dū′ lў
dŭm*b*
dūr′ ĭng
dŭsk
dū′ tў

ē*a*′ gĕr
ē*a*′ g*l*e
ẽ*ar*l
ẽ*ar*′ lў
ẽ*ar*th′ quāke
ēa*s*e
ēa*s*′ ў
ēa*v*e*s*
ĕb*b*ed
ĕd′ ĭ to͝r
ĕf′ fort
(ū)
ĕl′ bo͝o*w*
ĕld′ ĕst
ė̆ lĕv′ *e*n
ĕlf
ĕmp′ tў
ĕn cămp′
ĕn chȧnt′ ĕd
ĕn′ ė̆ mў
ĕn ġĭ nēe*r*′
ĕn joy′

ĕn tīre′ lў
ĕs pĕ′ cia*l* lў
(sh͡).
ĕs′ sȧ*y*
ē′ ve*n*
ė̆ vĕnt′
ĕv′ ĕr ў whêre
ĕx̱ ăct′ lў
ĕx̱ ăm′ ĭne
ĕx clā*i*m′
ĕx′ īle
ĕx pănse′
ĕx pĕct′ ĕd
ĕx pĕnse′
ĕx plā*i*n′
ĕx prĕs′ sio͡n
(sh)
fā*i*l′ ŭre
fā*i*nt
fa̤l′ *l*en
fa̤lse′ ho͝od
fāme
făm′ ĭ lў
fā′ mo͝us
făn′ çĭe*s*
făn′ nĭng
făsh′ i͡on
fa̤ult

fā′ vo͝red
fē*ar*′ lĕss lў
fē*a*st
fēe′ ble
fēel
fēel′ ĭng
fĕl′ lo͡o*w*
few
(ū)
fī′ ĕr ў
fĭf′ tēen
fĭg′ ūre
fī′ na̤l lў
fĭn′ ĭsh
fĭt
fĭt′ fṳl
fĭts
fĭx*e*d
flăg
flăg′ ro͞ot
flăsh
flĕd
flī*gh*t′ ў
flĭnch
flĭt
flŭt′ tĕr
fōld′ ĕd
fō*l*k
fo͞ol′ ĭsh

fo͝ot′ prĭnt
fo͝ot′ stĕp
fŏr bĭd′
fōrçe
fŏr′ e͡ĭgn
fōre pa̤u̯s̤
fōre tōld′
fŏr gŏt′
fôrked
fōrt
fôr′ wa̤rd
frāme
frĕc′ kled
friĕnd′ lў
frīght′ fu̇l
frĭn̊ged
frĭsk′ ў
frō
fū′ rĭ o͡ŭs
fûr′ nĭ tûre
fûr′ thĕr
fŭss
fŭz′ zў

gā̇in
gāme
gär′ me̤nt
găr′ rĕt
găth′ ĕred
gāzed
ġĕm
ġĕn′ ĕr a̤l lў
ġēn′ iŭs
(ў)
ġĕn′ tian
(sh)
ġĕn′ tle
ġĕ̊ ŏg′ rå phў
ġĕ̊ rā′ nĭ ŭm
gho͡st
ġī′ a̤nt
gĭft
glāde
glånçe
glâr′ ĭng
glēaned
glĕn
glīd′ ĕd
glĭm′ mĕr
glĭmpse
glĭt′ tĕr ĭng
glōbe
glo͝om
glō′ rĭ o͡ŭs
glōw′-worm
(û)
gŏb′ lĭn
go͝ose′ bĕr rў
gŏs′ så mĕr
gown
grăbbed
grāçe′ fu̇l
grăd′ ŭ a̤l
grăd′ ŭ åte
grā̇in
grăm′ ma̤r
grănd
grănd′ e͡ûr
grănd′ sȯn
grēen′ swa̤rd
grie͡ve
gro͝om
gro̤u̯p
grōwn
grŭf′ lў
grŭm′ ble
grŭnt
gu̇ärd
gu̇essed
gu̇īde
gŭn
gŭshed

hăb′ ĭt
hā̇il
hä̇lf
hā′ lȯ

hạlt
härd′ shĭp
här′ dў
härm′ lĕss
här′ nĕss
haẉ′ thôrn
hēal′ ĭng
hēaped
heärth′ rŭg
hĕdġe′ rōwṣ
hĕm′ lŏck
hẽrb
hĭd′ den
hīgh′ châir
hĭt
hōar′ ў
hōld′ ĕth
hŏl′ ĭ dāy
hŏl′ lў hŏck
hō′ lў
hōme′ lў
hōme′ sĭck
hōme′ stĕad
hon′ eў sŭc kle
hŏn′ o͟r
hŏn′ o͟r à ble
hōōp
hōōt′ ĕd
hōpes

hôrn
hŏr′ rĭ ble
hôrse-chĕst′ nŭt
hôrse′ mạn shĭp
house′ māid
how ĕv′ ĕr
hŭm
hū′ mạn
hŭm′ ble
hŭn′ drĕd
hûrled
hŭr′ rĭed
hûrt
hŭshed
hŭs′ kў
hŭt
hўmn

ī′ ç̣ў
ì dē′ à
ī′ dle
ĭl
ĭm plōr′ ĭng
ĭnch
ĭn dĭf′ fẽr e̊nt
ĭn dĭg′ nạnt
ĭn̲k
ĭn′ nŏ ç̣e̊nt
ĭn quīre′

ĭn sīde′
ĭn′ stạnt
ĭn stĕad′
ĭn tĕnd′ ĕd
ĭn tĕnt′
ĭn′ tẽr ĕst
ĭn trụde′
ĭn′ và lĭd
ĭn vĭṣ̲′ ĭ ble
īs′ lạnd

jew′ ĕl
(ū)
jŏl′ lў
joûr′ neў
joy′ fụl
joy′ oŭs
jŭdġe

kā′ tў dĭd
kĕt′ tle drŭm
kēy′ hōle
kĭck
kĭn′ drĕd
kĭtch′ ĕn
knēe
knēel
knĭt′ tĭng
knŏck

knŏt
knōwn

lăcked
lăd
lāid
lànçe′ wo͝od
lānes
lăpse
lătch
lāte
läughed
(f)
lăv′ ĭshed
lā′ zy̆
lēad′ ĭng
lēak
lēaned
lēap′ ĭng
lēast
lēave
lĕngth
lī′ a̓ ble
lī′ brȧ ry̆
lĭcked
lĭm′ pĭd
lī′ ȯn
lĭps
lĭst

līve′ ly̆
lĭv′ ĭng
lŏb′ stĕr
lŏft′ y̆
lŏġ′ ĭc a̓l
lo͝op
lo͝ose
lŏt
lŭll
lŭll′ a̓ by̆
lŭmp
lŭnch′ eȯn
lū′ pĭne
lūte
ly̆′ ĭng

măd
măġ′ ĭc
mȧ jĕs′ tĭc
māne
märched
măr′ ĭ gōld
märk
mär′ kĕt
măr′ rĭed
màss
màs′ tĕr pīēçe
măt͡ch
māte

mĕad′ o͡w lärk
mēal
mĕant
mēan′ whīle
mēat
mĕd′ a̓l
mĕd′ ĭ çĭne
mĕm′ bĕr
mĕm′ o̓ rĭes
mē ow′
mēre
mĕr′ rĭ ly̆
mĕr′ rĭ mẹnt
mĕs′ sĕn ġĕr
mĕt
mewed
(ū)
mĭd′ nīght
mĭdst
mign on ĕtte′
(mĭn yȯn)
mīle
mĭl′ ĭ tȧ ry̆
mĭll
mĭs′ chĭef
mĭs′ ĕr a̓ ble
mĭssed
mĭs tāk′ en
mĭt′ tĕns

mĭx′ tûre
mōan
mŏn′ stĕr
mo͞on′ bēam
môr′ tal
mŏs quĭ′ tō
(kē)
mōurn′ fụl
mọve
mŭff
mŭf′ fled
mŭl′ tĭ tūdes
mŭmps
mŭsh′ ro͞om
mu̇ sĭ′ cian
(sh)
mŭs′ kĕt
mŭt′ tĕred

nāil
nāme
năp′ kĭn
nēar′ ĕst
nĕck
neigh′ bor
(ā)
nēi′ thĕr
nĕrv′ oŭs
nĕs′ tle

nĕt′ work
(û)
nīçe
nĭck′ nāme
nīght′ căp
nĭm′ blў
nō′ ble
nŏ′ bŏd ў
nŏd′ dĭng
noise
nŏn′ sĕnse
no͝oks
nōt′ a ble
nōtes
nŭm′ bĕr
nûrse

ō′ a sĭs
ōats
ô beyed′
(ā)
ŏb jĕct′ ĕd
ŏb sĕrved′
ŏb tāined′
ŏc cûrred′
ō′ dor
ŏf′ fered
ŏf′ fĭçe
ŏft

o͞oz′ ў
ŏp prĕss′ ĕs
ôr′ dĕr
ôught
out′ crў
out wĭt′ tĕd
ō vĕr cast′
ō vĕr lo͝ok′
ōwe
ōwn′ ĕr
oys′ tĕr

păcked
pāge
pāil
pāins
pāint′ ĕd
păl′ âçe
pälm
pant′ ĕd
păr′ a pĕt
pär tĭc′ û lar
passed
păs′ sĕn ġĕr
pas′ sion
(sh)
păs′ tûre
păţch
pā′ tience
(sh)

pā′ tients
(sh)
păt′ tĕd
pāve
pa̤w
pāy
pēaçe′ fu̇l
pēak
pēarl
pēat
pĕb′ ble
pēer′ ĭng
pĕrch
pĕr fôrm′
phăn′ tom
(f)
pi ä′ nō
(ē)
pĭc′ nĭc
pīe
pĭl′ lar
pĭn′ a fōre
plāin′ lў
plăn
plăt
plāy′ fĕl lō̇w
plĕas′ ûre
(zh)
plĕn′ tў
plūme
plŭmp
plŭnge
plū′ ra̤l
point
pōk′ ĭng
pō̇ lice′ ma̤n
(ē)
pō̇ līte′
pŏp′ lar
pŏp′ ū lar
pōr′ trā̇it
pŏs′ sĭ blў
pōst
pōst′ ŏf fĭçe
pō′ sў
pō̇ tā′ tō̇
pōur
pow′ dĕr
prånçe
prăt′ tlĭng
prē̇ fĕr′
prĕp a rā′ tion
(sh)
prĕs̤′ ençe
prē̇ sĕnt′ ĕd
prĕssed
prē̇ tĕnd′ ĕd
prē̇ vĕnt′
prīde
prŏg′ rĕss
prŏm′ ĭse
prōs̤e
prō̇ tĕc′ tion
(sh)
pro̤ved
prō̇ vīde′
prō̇ vĭs′ ions̤
(zh)
pu̇d′ dĭng
pŭf fed
pu̇ll
pu̇l′ pĭt
pŭn′ ĭsh ment
pūre
pûr′ pose
pûrr
pûrse
pûr sūit′
pu̇ss
quāint
qua̤r′ tĕrs̤
quĭck′ lў
råft
rāil
rāil′ rōad

răng
răṅk
răpt
râre
răs̲p′ bĕr rў
răth′ ĕr
răt′ tle snāke
rāve
rȧ vine′
(ē)
rĕad′ ĭ lў
rē′ a͡l
rēar
rė̇ çē*i*ve′
rė̇ flĕc′ tiȯn
(sh)
rė̇ frĕsh′
rĕf′ ŭġe
rė̇ fūs̲e′
rĕġ′ ĭ mẹnt
rein
(ā)
rė̇ lāt′ ĕd
rė̇ lī*e*ve′
rė̇ māin′
rė̇ märk′
rė̇ mīnd′
rė̇ new′
(ū)
rė̇ pā*y*′
rė̇ plī*e*d′
rė̇ s̲ĕnt′
rė̇ s̲ŏlve′
rė̇ s̲ôrt′
rė̇ spĕct′ ĕd
rĕst′ fụl
rė̇ tûrned′
rė̇ wạrd′ ĕd
rĭb′ bȯn
rĭch
rĭd
rīs̲e
rĭv′ ŭ lĕt
rŏb′ bĕr
rōbe
rŏd
rōg*u*′ ĭsh
rōs̲e
rụde
rŭf′ flĭng
rŭg
rŭn′ nĕrs̲
rŭs′ tĭc
rŭs′ *tle*
ry̆e

săck
săck′ clŏth
săd
sāfe
sȧ lūte′
săṅd′ stôrm
săṅk
săt′ ĭs fī*e*d
sạu′ çĭ lў
scăm′ pĕr
scăn
scär
scârçe
scâre
scăt′ tĕr
scēne
scĕnt
scĭs̲′ s̲o͡rs̲
scrăps
scrăt*c*hed
scrē*a*med
scrēech′ ĭng
screw
(ụ)
scŭd
sē*a*′ pōrt
sĕarch
sē*a*′ s̲on
sĕc′ ȯnd
sēẹd′ pŏd
sēized

sĕl′ dȯm
sē rēne′ lў
ser′ ġeạnt
(ä)
sē′ rĭ o*u*s
sĕr′ mȯn
sĕr′ vĭçe
sĕv′ en tў
sĕv′ ĕr ạl
sē vēre′
shăd′ ȯw
shȧft
shăg′ gў
shāme
shăn′ tў
shâre
shärp
shăt′ tĕred
shā*y*
shēep
shēet
shĕl′ tĕr
shĕp′ *h*ĕrd
shīn′ ĭng
shĭv′ ĕr ĭng
show′ ĕr
shō*w*n
shrĭl*l*
shrīne
shroud
shrŭb
sī*g*n
sĭg′ nạl
sī′ lençe
sī′ lent
sĭl*l*
sĭl′ lў
sĭm′ ple
sĭnçe
sĭn′ gū lạr
sĭp
sīze
skāte
skĭl*l*
skĭp′ pĭng
slȧnt′ ĭng
slāve
slēet
slēeve
slī*gh*t
slōpe
slў
smōke
smo͞oth
snāke
snŭ*ff*ed
snŭg′ lў
sŏb*b*ed
sō′ bĕr lў
sŏcks
soil
sōl′ diĕr
(j)
sôrt
sô*ugh*t
so͝up
spāke
spär′ klĭng
spăr′ rô*w*
spē*a*k
spēar′ mĭnt
spĕnt
spīed
spĭt
spīte
splăsh
splĕn′ dĭd
splĭt
spoil
spoils
spōke
spōrt′ ĭng
spŏt
sprā*y*
sprĭng′ tīme
sprīte
sprout

spŭn
squa̤sh
squēa̤k
stăb
sta̤lk
sta̤ll
stămp
stånch
stârved
stärved
stāte
stĕad′ ĭ lў
stēal
stēam
stēel
stēep
stēe′ ple
stĕrn
stĭf*f*
stīle
stȯm′ a͡ch
stōōl
stōōped
stōre
stōre′ rōōm
stout
stōw′ ĭng
strāi̤n′ ĭng
străp

strēam
strĕss
strĕtched
strĭng
strĭp
strōll′ ĭng
strŭck
strŭng
stū′ de͡nt
stŭd′ ĭed
stŭm′ bled
stŭmp
sŭb′ jĕct
sŭc çĕss′
sŭcks
sŭd′ dĕn
sug′ a̤r bōwl
(sh)
sūi̤t′ a̤ ble
sŭl′ len
sŭm′ mĭt
sŭn′ bŏn nĕt
sŭn′ down
sŭn′ flow ĕr
sŭn′ nў
sŭn′ sĕt
sṳre
(sh)
sûr′ fâçe

sûr′ lў
sûr vey′
(ā)
swa̤mp
swa̤n̤s′ down
swāth′ ĭng
swēep
swēet′ brī a͡r
swēet′ mēat
swĭsh′ ĭng
swōrd

tā′ ble-clŏth
ta̤ll′ ĕr
tăn′ gled
tăp
tāste
teâr
tēar′ fṳl
tēa tā′ ble
tĕm′ pĕst
tĕnd
tĕnt
tĕr′ rĭ blў
tĕr′ ro͡r
tĕxt
thăn
thēe
thĕm sĕlve̤s′

thĭll
thīrst
thôrn
thou
thrăsh′ ĕr
thrĭll
thrōat
thrŭsh
thў
tīde
tī′ dў
tīed
tīght
tĭlt
tĭm′ bẽrs
tĭn
tī′ nĭ ĕst
tĭn′ klĭng
tĭnt
tŏm′ a hawk
tongue
tōre
tôr mĕnt′
toŭgh
(f)
tow′ ĕl
toy
trāçed
trā′ çẽs

trăck
trāin
trămp
trăp′ pẽr
trăp′ pĭng
trăv′ ĕl
trāy
trĕad
trĕas′ ûre
(zh)
trēa′ tў
trĕm′ bled
trė mĕn′ doŭs
trībe
trĭck
trī′ fle
trĭp
trŏd
trụ′ ant
trŭdge
trŭmp′ ĕt
trŭst
tŭcked
tŭm′ bled
twĕn′ tў
twīçe
twĭgs
twĭn′ kle
twĭt′ tẽr

ŭn clōs′ed
ŭn dĭs tûrbed′
ŭn ēas′ y
ŭn härmed′
ŭn lĕss′
ŭn sound′
ŭn stāined′
ūse′ fụl
ūs′ ĭng
ūs′ ŭ al
(zh)
ŭt′ tẽr ĭng

vā′ cant
vāin
văl′ ūe
vast
vĕġ′ ė tà bles
vĕl′ vĕt
vĕn′ tûre
vẽr′ dant
vẽr′ nal
vẽrse
vẽs′ sĕl
vĭc′ tŏ rĭes
vĭc tō′ rĭ oŭs
view
(ū)
vī′ ŏ lent

vī ō lĭn′
vĭs′ ĭ ble
vōt′ ĕd
voy′ âge

wab′ ble
wāist′ cōats
wand
war
war′ blĭng
warmth
wasp
wāste
watch′ man
wa′ tĕr crĕss
wēak′ ĕr
wĕalth
weâr
wēa′ rĭ nĕss
wĕath′ ĕr

wēe
wēep′ ĭng
wĕpt
whăck
whīr′ rĭng
whĭsked
who ĕv′ ĕr
whōle′ sŏme
whōl′ lў
wĭd′ ōw
wĭll′ ĭng
wĭlt
wĭn′ dōw-sĭll
wīne
wĭst′ fŭl
wĭtch
wĭtch′-hā zel
wĭth drew′
(ŭ)
wĭth′ ĕr

wĭts
wolf
wo͝od′ land
wo͝ol
work′ tā ble
(ŭ)
wor′ shĭp
(ŭ)
wōve
wrĕn
wrŏth

yärn
yĕl′ ĭng
yĕt
yŏn′ dĕr
yoū
yoŭn′ gĕst

Proper Names, etc.

À căd′ ĕ mў
Ạl′ cọtt
Ä′ li
(ē)
Ạll-fä′ thĕr
À mĕr′ ĭ cà
Āmeṣ′ bur y
(ē)

Ā′ mў
Ăn′ dȯ vĕr
Ăn′ dў
Ā′ prĭl
Ăt lăn′ tĭc
Ạu′ bûrn
Ạu′ gŭst
Ạus′ tĭn

Băth shē′ bȧ
Bēa′ vĕr-Brōōk
Bēech′ ẽr
Bĕn′ jȧ mĭn
Bĕv′ ẽr lў
Bŏs′ tȯn
Brĭggṣ
Brĭt′ ĭsh
Brȳ′ ạnt
Bûr′ dŏck

Cām brĭdge pōrt′
Cär rä′ rä
Çē′ lĭ à
Cŏn̲′ cọrd
Cŏn̲′ grĕss
Cŏn nĕct′ ĭ cŭt
Cŏn stĭ tū′ tiȯn
(sh)

Cŭl′ lẹn
Cŭm′ mĭng tȯn

Dāi′ sў
Dāme Prĕn′ tĭss
Dôrr

Ēast′ ȯn
Ĕeh′ ȯ
Ĕd′ mŭnd
Ė lĭz′ à bĕth
Ĕl′ lĕn
En̲′ gland
(ĭ)
En̲′ glĭsh
(ĭ)
Ĕs′ thĕr
Ē′ và

Fī′ dȯ
Flŏss-Hâir
Frĕd
Frĕsh Pŏnd

Gā′ zà
Gėn′ ẽr ạl
Gŏd
Gȯv′ ẽrn ọr
Grȧnt
Greāt Spĭr′ ĭt
Ground′-Mōle

Hăr′ rĭ ĕt
Hăss′ ạn
Hāyeṣ
Hōlmeṣ
Hūgh

Ī′ rĭs
Ī′ ron sīdeṣ
(ŭrn)

Īsleṣ

Jăck-ȯ′-Lăn′ tẽrn
Jāmeṣ
Jĕn′ nў

Jĭm
Jŏhn
Jūle
Jūne

Kĭl′ lĭng tȯn

Lā′ dў Dā*y*
Lär′ cȯm
Lĭn′ cȯln
Lĭtch′ fīēld
Lo͝u i′ ṣå
(ē)
Lō*w*′ ĕl*l*
Lu͝ çў
Lu͝′ lu͝

Må rī′ å
Mā*y*
Mā*y*′ flow ĕr
Mēek′-*e*y*e*
(ī)
Mĭck
Mĭl*l*ṣ
Mĭn′ nĭe
Mĭs′ *si*ȯn å rў
(sh)
Mo͞o͞re
Mŏp

Nĕ′ rĭ kĕr
New′ fo͝und lănd
(ū)
New Hămp′ shi*r*e
(ū)
Nȯ vĕm′ bĕr

Ō hī′ ō
Ŏl′ ĭ vĕr
Ŏt′ tĕr Crēek

Păr′ ĭs
Pĕ*ar*l
Pĕr′ ĕ grĭn*e*
Pē′ tĕr
Phĕlps
(f)
Phĭl′ lĭps
(f)
Pĭl′ grĭmṣ
Plўm′ *o*o͝th
Pŏl*l*
Pōrts′ mo͝uth
Prĕn′ tĭs*s*
Prĕṣ′ ĭ dent

Quāk′ ĕr

Rĕd′ brĕ*a*st
Rĕd′ cōm*b*
Rĭ*dg*e
Rŏb′ ĕrt
Rŏb′ ĭn
Rŏlf*e*
Rōm*e*
Rŏmp
Rōṣe-Mä rĭē′
Rŭn′ å wā*y*
Rŭs′ se*ll*
Rŭt′ land

Săl′ lў
Sănd′ pīp ĕr
Scŏt′ land
Sē*a*′ Gŭl*l*
Shĕt′ land
Shō*a*lṣ
Snĕl*l*
Spĭn
Squīr*e*
Stō*ve*
Stū′ art
Su͝ ĕz′

Tăb′ bў
Thăn å tŏp′ sĭs
Thăx′ tĕr
Tĭt′ bĭt

Tŏm
Trĭp
Trŏt′ tў

Văn Ärm′

Vĕl′ vĕt băck
Vĕr mŏnt′

Wạrd
Wạsh′ ĭng tŏn

Wĕl͟ls
Wĕn′ dĕl͟l
Wĕst′ fiēld
Wĭl͟l′ iạm
(y)

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